

The G RAIL



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THE GRAIL

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BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

True Democracy



H. C. McGinnis

“WE WERE anxious, beloved sons and daughters, to take the occasion of Christmastide to point out along what lines a democracy befitting human dignity can, in harmony with the law of nature and the designs of God as manifested in revelation, secure happy results. Indeed we are deeply convinced of the supreme importance of this problem for the peaceful progress of mankind.” Thus spoke Pius XII in his Christmas message. These words must have reminded millions of Americans—although the fact has been sadly neglected—that their own nation’s Founding Fathers based the American ideal of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness upon the laws of nature and of nature’s God. During the nation’s early days, the utterance of public leaders revealed the fact commonly accepted by thinking people that religion’s truths were of prime importance to the State’s welfare and that democracy’s growth, progress and future existence depended upon the practice of the religious and moral concept of society. America’s founders held firmly the conviction that man’s rights are endowed to him by his Creator and that both the State and the citizen are parts of the Divine Plan for

Creation. To them it was “self-evident” that man’s rights derive from only his Creator and that the State is but a political framework erected to safeguard man in the achievement of his eternal destiny; that all human justice must be based upon the natural law and revelation—“the laws of Nature and of Nature’s God.” They knew that democracy, with its true aspects of liberty, depends upon the recognition of a personal God and obedience to His plan for society. They did not hold democracy to be a social theory apart from the religious concept of society as so many moderns do.

TODAY, despite the fact that the Republic is only one hundred seventy years old, more than half its citizens have no more idea of the existence of the natural law than a billy-goat has about *Rigoletto* and many others have only the vaguest memory of having heard the term somewhere. Furthermore, a statement that many of democracy’s basic truths derive from divine revelation is received by them with about the same credence they give to Grimm’s fairy-tales. Hence it follows that, in this short flight of years, democracy has come to mean something entirely apart from the religious concept of society. In many instances it has become a misnomer, the name for a pagan philosophy which rears a political structure under which Individualism and its license denies the Mystical Body’s unity. In some cases it has supplanted the term *mobocracy*, giving its name to any mass-movement, even though its purpose may be anarchical. In still others, it has come to mean nothing more than the expressed will of a majority, regardless of whether or not this expressed will is confined within morality’s bounds. It is often used to designate movements which

deny the natural law’s justice and aim to obliterate the natural order’s boundaries, forgetting that democracy means the Eternal Law’s social aspects in finite form.

It is not this erroneous conception of democracy to which His Holiness has called attention as society’s future hope. The democracy of which Pius XII speaks is that democracy to which “an essential part in its achievement will have to belong to the religion of Christ.” The way of life of which he speaks is not that of a society gone berserk through Secularism, but rather that “divinely established order of things and ends which is the ultimate foundation and directive norm of every democracy.” The moral society to which he points is that conception enshrined in the hearts of all Americans who have not strayed in either their ideals or their practices from the American way of life established by the Founding Fathers, a way which frankly acknowledged its dependence upon the Creator. It is that social structure in which the dignity of man is achieved because those whom it shelters are sons of God and act accordingly; it is that social order in which “the citizen feels within him the consciousness of his own personality, of his duties and rights, of his freedom joined to respect for the freedom and dignity of others”; it is the form in which “the dignity of man is the dignity of the moral community willed by God, (and) the dignity of political authority is the dignity deriving from its sharing in authority with God.” Unless man believes in this conception of society, he is not an adherent of democracy, although he may call his social beliefs that because they are based upon a republican form of government and uses some of democracy’s political

tools in achieving its ends. Nor can a pattern of society which subscribes to Deism answer true democracy's requirements. Democracy's justice and freedom must stem from a belief in and an acceptance of a very personal God; and the State, the public official and the individual must each feel a definite responsibility to God for their acts. Man's spiritual life and his social activities do not belong to two different worlds; they are two aspects of the same world. The society which man sets up will reflect the degree of spirituality of those controlling it. When man makes his religious life one thing and his social life another, and shows a disdain for the fact that society is responsible to its Creator for its conduct, he brings about the condition which His Holiness describes as "stark reality: brutality, iniquity, destruction, annihilation." The world's present miseries have come from an attempt to divorce God from society, from a definite paganism in some cases and in others, from a belief in an absentee God Who is not present in every aspect of daily life. When man goes contrary to the divine order, catastrophe is inevitable.

THE STATE is not something apart from the Creator's plan for man. Since the State is an outgrowth of man's social nature and since this social nature comes from God, the State's authority thus comes from God and it is therefore subject to the natural law and revelation of the divine plan. Just as man derives from God the authority to establish the State when his further social progress demands its establishment, so the State derives its powers and its authority to exist from God through those who compose it. It naturally follows that just as the individual is bound by the moral law, so is the State which he establishes bound by it. A State which denies society's natural order is a monstrosity, for it denies the law upon which its existence is justly founded. A State which denies the natural order and the moral law is a despotism, for it denies its natural purpose of being the structure through which its citizens express their individual personality.

In these days, when the size of States is often enormous, the State's conduct is no longer the immediate expression of its citizens. In many States the citizens express their wishes through elected representatives and other public officials. Since this is an accepted practice, His Holiness very thoughtfully devoted a considerable portion of his Christmas message to the proper type of public official necessary if true democracy is to come into its own. He made it plain that since the person, the State, and the government are established on the same foundation, their respective rights are so bound together that they stand or fall together. The public official, to have the proper concept of his trust and responsibility, must realize that the dignity of public authority is the dignity deriving from its sharing in authority with God—a very personal God Who has a very immediate interest in His earthly children. "No form of State" says Pius XII, "can avoid taking cognizance of this intimate and indissoluble connection—least of all a democracy. Accordingly if those in power do not see it, or more or less discount it, their own authority is shaken and social morality and that specious appearance of a purely formal democracy may often serve as a mark for all that is in reality least democratic."

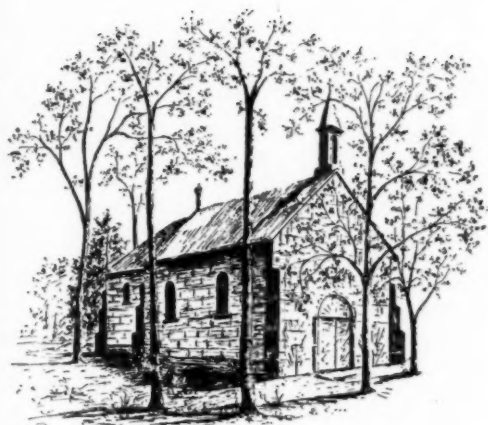
ONLY a clear appreciation of the purposes assigned by God to every human society, joined to a deep sense of the exalted duties of social activity, can put those in power in a position to fulfill their own obligations in the legislative, judicial and executive order with that objectivity, impartiality, loyalty, generosity and integrity without which a democratic government would find it hard to command the respect and the support of the better section of the people.

"The deep sense of the principles underlying a political and social order that is sound and conforms to the norms of right and justice is of special importance in those who in any kind of democratic regime have, as the people's delegates, in whole or in part, the power to legislate."

His Holiness then reminds us that,

since "the center of gravity of a democracy normally set up resides in this popular assembly," the matter of electing proper and fit legislators is to every democratic people "a question of life and death, of prosperity and decadence, of soundness or perpetual unrest." Proper public officials, if true democracy's justice is to obtain, are those, says the Pope, "spiritually eminent and of strong character...men chosen for their solid Christian convictions, straight and steady judgment...true to themselves in all circumstances...men of clear and sound principles, with sound and clear-cut proposals to make."

There can be no objections to the standards set by His Holiness for public officials from any people which seeks a just political and social order. Yet it is evident that, in a democracy, prime responsibility for proper leadership lies basically in the citizen body. In any form of government in which the power of delegating public authority rests with the people, it is politically and socially unmoral for the electorate to fail to make it its essential business to see that this authority is reposed in only those who are "penetrated with right ideas about the state and authority and the power he wields as guardian of the social order." To insist upon public officials who openly claim allegiance to the religious and moral concept of society which, as Washington so solemnly warned, is necessary to all just order, will not be easy in a land where there has been a steadily growing, but highly erroneous, idea that real Americanism calls for a public official's denial that he is motivated by any religious concepts in his conduct of public affairs; where a so-called liberalism toward religion has ultimately led many to irreligion. It is a monstrous and utterly false conception of democracy to believe that, in its freedom and tolerance, it calls for a denial in public affairs of one's allegiance to the religious principle. Let seekers after true democracy make no mistake: the quality of man's social order stems from his spiritual and moral perception. Political morality depends upon our recognition of this fact.



Our LADY of MONTE CASSINO

Bernard Beck, O.S.B.

LYING just across the Anderson Valley to the north-east of St. Meinrad Abbey, and cresting the loftiest wooded eminence in the neighborhood, the historic little chapel of Monte Cassino is the true counterpart of its hallowed [now leveled] namesake in southern Italy. Fired by the same zeal that prompted Saint Benedict to seek the heights of Cassino, there to build its first monastery, and that influenced his sons to raise their abbatial homes as near to heaven as possible, the pioneer monks of Saint Meinrad with the shrine of the Mother of God crowned Monte Cassino the queen of the surrounding hills. For three quarters of a century, the seed of devotion to Mary, transported from the Swiss Abbey of Maria Einsiedeln, and planted by the monk pioneers in the heart of the Indiana southwest, has developed, until it is now a mighty tree of love and veneration for the Mother of God, whose branches are as numerous as the priest-alumni of the seminary, and whose fruit is as plentiful as the souls under their care.

That the devotees of Maria Einsiedeln, fresh from Mary's greatest European shrine— Lourdes excepted—should have cast about for a place to honor the Mother of God in America is not surprising. Father Jerome Bachmann, O.S.B., writing to his superior, Abbot Henry IV of Einsiedeln on the day of their arrival at Saint Meinrad, says enthusiastically; "With a heart deeply moved, I even now utter the words: *Bonum est nos hic esse; faciamus hic tria tabernacula, Tibi unum, Mariae unum, et Sancto Meinrado unum.*" The tabernacle to Mary is literally realized in the little stone chapel at Monte Cassino.

EARLY SHRINES

From the very first the monks found the high hill across the valley a convenient place for weekly excursions. The plateau-like top afforded them a place of peace and cheerful seclusion, whither they frequently repaired on Sunday afternoons to recreate themselves in conversation and song. In 1857, Father Isidore Hobi, O.S.B., animated with an ardent zeal for Mary's honor, and aided by several willing students, fixed a picture of the Blessed Virgin to a large black oak that graced the summit of Monte Cassino. The picture on black lithograph print, represented the Mother of God crushing the head of the serpent. By fitting the image into a niche hewn out of the oaken trunk, and covering this with a shelter of boards, a crude but presentable shrine was set up. The rustic kneeling bench beneath the picture, placed as it was on the verge of the foot-path that crossed the hill, was an irresistible appeal to the monks, students and lay folk to linger a while with Mary.

Not content with this crude shrine, Father Isidore attempted to build a more substantial shelter nine years later. Accordingly on the morning of May 5, 1866, assisted by several students of the College and Seminary, he began work on a small frame building. So zealously did the students labor, that by the evening of the second day, May 6, a little chapel, 12 by 14 feet, made entirely of rough lumber, stood near the site of the original shrine, about 150 feet west of the present stone building. The picture of Our Lady that had weathered nine winters on Monte Cassino hill was transferred to Father Isidore's little wooden chapel. Even this

new shrine of Mary's was scarcely more than a hut, but its memory is revered for the sake of those great and devoted souls whose love found expression in its walls.

THE STONE CHAPEL

In 1867, barely a year after the completion of Father Isidore's chapel, sandstone of excellent quality was discovered on the hill of Monte Cassino. The Very Reverend Martin Marty, O.S.B., then superior of the Priory of St. Meinrad, at once determined to erect some permanent buildings in place of the inadequate frame cloister and school. In his ardent devotion to the Mother of God, the Prior set aside the virgin stone of the new quarry for a permanent chapel. Aided by the members of the St. Meinrad Brass Band, of which he was the director, Father Martin cleared the thicket to the east of Father Isidore's wooden structure and staked off a lot.

On September 2, 1868, the Rt. Rev. Maurice De St. Palais, Bishop of Vincennes, laid the cornerstone of the little chapel. In keeping with the simplicity that characterizes true houses of Mary, only a few relics, some medallions, an Einsiedeln calendar of 1867 with a picture of St. Meinrad, a photograph of the Rt. Reverend Bishop, on the back of which he had written "Ave Maria" and his own name, were placed in the stone. Prior Martin edified those present by an affecting eulogy on Mary.

Through the indefatigable efforts of the Seminary, the chapel stood ready for dedication in the spring of 1870. The building measured 48 feet in length and 22 feet in width, narrowing at the sanctuary to an apse 13 feet wide. The average height was 30 feet, though the little stone belfry surmounting the chapel reached a height of 42 feet and supported a bell, the gift of one of the parishioners. A stone slab with the chiseled inscription "Ave Maria" was inserted in the wall just below the belfry.

The dedication of Our Lady's Chapel on Sunday, May 1, 1870, was an unprecedented celebration for both the village of St. Meinrad and the Priory. At high noon the bells of the church began to ring out joyously and continued unrelentingly for one hour. Promptly at one o'clock the bells ceased ringing and Solemn Vespers were chanted by the monastic choir. Immediately after the services, the beautiful statue of Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms, was removed from its pedestal in the sanctuary and solemnly blessed by Father Wolfgang Schlumpf, O.S.B.

The gala procession, comprising hundreds of peo-

ple from the neighboring parishes of Fulda, Mariah Hill, and St. Meinrad, now began to form in front of the church. The boys and young men carrying pennons and sodality banners led the van of the procession and were immediately followed by long lines of young girls dressed in white and carrying fresh garlands. The life-size statue of the Queen-Mother of God borne by four lay brothers, lent a regal splendor to the center of the long cortege. Following the image of Our Lady came the monks and student body, while the lay folk, comprising some 1500 persons, brought up the rear. To the casual observer, the devout mien of the participants, the festooned village street, lined on either side with garlands and chaplets of May blossoms, and the universal Catholic note of the whole celebration, presented a spectacle more like a scene from Christian Europe than from a section of the sparsely settled Indiana southwest.

Hymns and prayers from more than a thousand throats, the martial blasts of the brass band, and even the thunder of a cannon lent solemnity to the occasion and quickened the pulse of every man, woman, and child in the procession.

As the van of the procession entered the little stone chapel on Monte Cassino, the last of the pilgrims were leaving the old Parish Church. Most appropriate was the singing of the Magnificat while the statue of Our Lady was being raised above the altar in the little sanctuary.

The picture of Our Lady which had served for thirteen years as the objective of thousands of visits, was brought to the superior's room where it perished in the flames that destroyed the entire Abbey in 1887.

A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE

From the year 1857, when Father Isidore fastened the picture of Our Lady to the oak tree, until the present year, the popularity of Monte Cassino as a pilgrimage spot has become a byword with the monks, seminarians and parish folk.

It was not, however, until the winter of 1871 that the intercession of Our Lady of Monte Cassino was put to a caustic proof. On December 1, the smallpox made its appearance in the town of St. Meinrad and in a few days yellow-plague flags were flying from a score of houses. In those days of the early seventies, before modern medical helps and protective methods of hygiene were known, smallpox was a deadly, pestiferous disease. In a short time the grim reaper nearly decimated the village. It is said that in some of the larger families as many as two or three corpses were laid out simultaneously in the same home.

As late as January, 1872, no case of the epidemic had made its appearance in the Abbey and Seminary. Realizing the imminent danger, however, the student body of the institution made a solemn vow to Our Blessed Mother that if they were spared from the ravages of smallpox, they and the future students of St. Meinrad would make an annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Monte Cassino. In the course of time the fierceness of the plague abated and the dreadful scavenger left the valley. Not one case of smallpox appeared among the students and community.

Another proof of Mary's good pleasure in being honored at this hallowed spot was given in 1886. Alphonse Bedel, a five year-old son of John Bedel of St. Meinrad, was so afflicted with hip disease that he could not walk. Burning with a great love and confidence in Mary "health of the sick," Mr. Bedel carried his son up to the chapel and there begged the great Queen for a cure. It is on record that the child was immediately helped to such a degree that he actually walked a part of the way down the hill after the visit.

Nor is this child's case a solitary instance of remarkable cures at the shrine. A resident of Louisville, for a long time a victim of rheumatism, was able to discard his crutches after hearing Mass at Our Lady's chapel. A more signal example of Mary's occurred to a young daughter of the Everard family at Leopold, Indiana, who had run a wisp of straw through the eyeball. The pain of the wound was excruciating and the sight of the organ was practically destroyed. In this hopeless condition the child was carried to Monte Cassino by her pious mother and recommended to Our Lady's powerful intercession. The almost immediate cure of the injured organ was the reward of this act of faith.

Many other favors have been obtained at the shrine, and it is not surprising that these should lead to public honors and processions to Mary. The truly Catholic spirit that characterizes the pilgrimages to Our Lady of Monte Cassino, is rekindled every year on the feast of St. Mark and the Rogation Days when the neighboring parishes of Fulda and

Mariah Hill join with that of St. Meinrad in making processions to Monte Cassino.

"Amidst the shaded grove a-top the hill,
Does it attract her prayerful children still?"

In answer to the poet's query unanimous assent could be given by the lay people, seminarians, and monks who live within the shadow of Mary's hill. On fair days an almost unbroken procession of clients of Mary can be seen in informal groups wending their way from the seminary and abbey to the chapel. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings from May till November the Holy Sacrifice is offered in the chapel, attended by a faithful little court of devoted followers who congregate from the surrounding parishes. All the year through Holy Mass is celebrated on Saturday mornings for the Clients of Mary, those who assist in the support and decoration of this chapel.

Perhaps the most edifying sight is that on Sunday afternoons in October and May, when thousands of persons from near and far assemble on top of the hill and after a short sermon in honor of Mary, walk in procession reciting her rosary. The large number of young persons in these weekly processions is one of the touching aspects of the devotion, and indicates that Mary is still the Mother of the youth. Yes, it DOES attract her prayerful children still.

On May 1, in observance of the 75th anniversary of the chapel's existence, 1200 persons including the entire community of the Abbey and "delegates" from neighboring parishes, marched from the Abbey Church to the chapel, chanting hymns and reciting the rosary. On top of the hill in front of the chapel an altar had been erected and there Father Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B., celebrated a Solemn Mass in honor of Our Lady. Monsignor Paul Deery, pastor of the Old Cathedral in Vincennes, whence Bishop de St. Palais had come to lay the cornerstone of the chapel in 1868, preached the eloquent sermon. Again, as 75 years before, cannon were fired and bells rung solemnly, as we repeated some of the scenes of three-quarters of a century earlier.



Monte Cassino Chapel

My Queen,

the queen of heaven and earth
the queen of my heart—
who reigns supremely there.

My Mother,

mine, all mine
because Jesus gave you
to me on Calvary.

I give myself entirely

little insignificant creature
that I am—
give myself, entirely,
wholly—
every little hair and
heartbeat
every word, thought
and deed.

To Thee

the mother of my God
but my mother also
though I am unworthy to
be yours.

And to show

by my love for you—
my loyalty to Jesus whom
you love
and whom I've so often
offended.

My devotion to Thee

my devotion so fickle and unsure
when compared to your
unchanging love
for me your child.

I give Thee

I give, willingly,
open-hearted, even gladly
to Thee, my love.



My Mother



My ears

that hear thy praises sung—
that listen to the words of thy
Son,
and thy sweet, gentle guiding.

My mouth

wherein my Jesus lies so often—
may it always bless thee
and praise Him whom thou
lovest dearly.

**My whole being, without
reserve**

all that I ever have been
all that I am
and all that I ever hope
to be
now and in eternity.

Wherefore, good mother

good mother
none ever could be
better
in thy love for me—
a helpless child.

As I am thy own

Yes, Oh yes! thine
and thine alone
I wish to be
now and always!

This day

today—
not the yesterdays past
not the tomorrows yet to be
but the all-important today.

My eyes

the windows of my soul
which see God's beautiful earth
and gaze upon his glorious
heaven.

Vera Maria Lindauer

Keep me

safe in thy love—
free from Satan's snare
and my own weak self.

Guard me

as a mother does her child,
always, but especially
at the hour of my death.

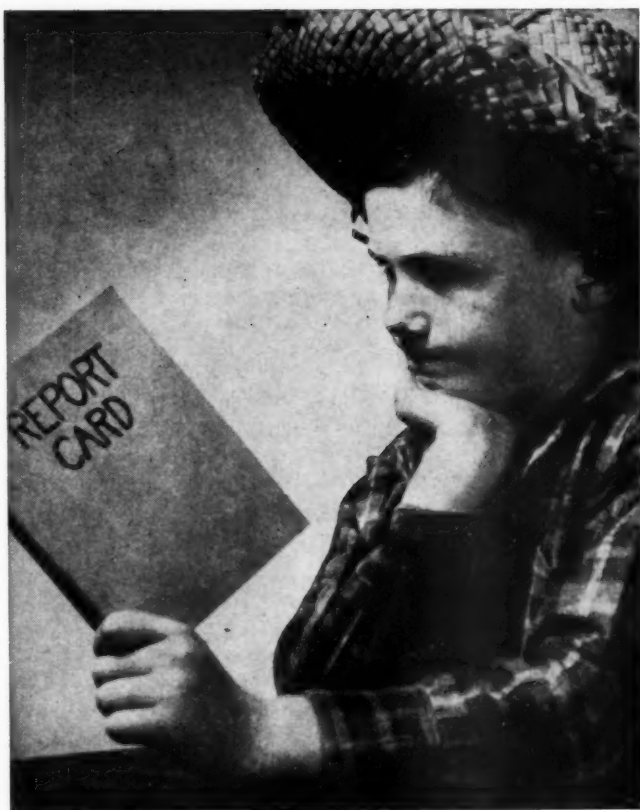
As thy property and possession

thy property and thine alone
to reign over and possess
for an eternity.

Amen.

William Plays Cupid

By Bill Parker



—Silberstein



WILLIAM had looked forward to the month his parents would be gone to Florida, but that was before Uncle Weston arrived to take over the household and tend to such duties as signing report cards.

Approaching Uncle Weston, who was engrossed in a beautiful algebra problem, William hoped for the best. "You gotta sign this or Miss Young won't take it back."

Uncle Weston signed absent-mindedly, but William grabbed just a little too fast in his eagerness to vamoose without a lecture.

Sensing the retreat Uncle Weston took off his glasses and assumed his stern look. "How'd you make out in math, young man?"

"F"—William spoke the truth.

Uncle Weston winced. "How do you think I feel when my only nephew fails in math, William?—You know I have my reputation to maintain."

William knew how Uncle Weston felt by heart, but just because Uncle Weston was an expert in mathematics was no reason why a future baseball star should be. "I didn't make *F* in biology"—William thought it time to change the subject.

"We're not talking biology," snapped Uncle Weston. "As a national authority on the exact science of higher mathematics I have a position to maintain. How many people would buy my books if they knew my only nephew made *F* in arithmetic?"

William wondered why anybody would buy anybody's books on mathematics and he sometimes wished he wasn't the only nephew that made *F*, but Earl Bassett was waiting outside; so he said, "I'm sorry, Uncle Weston," and went out to discuss famous uncles with Earl.

Earl had nothing but sympathy. "If he was old and fat it would be different, but he looks to me like he could even play tin can shinny if he wanted to."

William felt a temper coming. "I bet Grandfather Griggs would make him do something but

write o' books if he was here. He don't like arithmetic either."

Experience had taught Earl that William might speak of his relatives in a way that outsiders weren't allowed, but this time it seemed safe enough. "I'll tell you something if you'll cross your heart and double-dog-dare-not-to-tell."

William crossed and double-dogged, and fortunately steps leading up to the public library met the sidewalk at this point. As was the custom they sat to give the conversation proper attention.

Earl hesitated: "Promise you won't get mad?"

"I double-dog-dared, didn't I?"—William was in no mood for shilly-shallying.

"Well," said Earl, making the most of the suspense. "Mother told Miss Nelson that it wasn't normal for a man not to have a wife's companionship."

William demanded names. "If they were talking about Uncle Weston I oughta know about it. He's my Uncle, ain't he?"

Earl admitted it was about Uncle Weston, but extracted another double-dog before repeating the entire conversation. It was amazing what he could put to memory when he wanted to. "Mother said your Uncle Weston was growing old before his time."

This took a little figuring, but William soon saw the light. "I know what they meant! They think Uncle Weston oughta get married. Maybe that'd be better than him always worrying about mathematics."

Earl agreed. "But who's he gonna marry?"

"I was thinking about that," said William. "I don't want even Uncle Weston to grow old before his time."

By supptime every unmarried young lady in town had been discussed thoroughly. William headed for home convinced that the choice had been a wise one. Earl thought so too. That left only two others to convince. Uncle Weston and the prospective bride.

When Lillybelle had finished going over the grocery list with Uncle Weston, he settled down to write an interesting chapter on trigonometry. William interrupted before he could finish the first equation.

"We cut up frogs in biology today."—William thought frogs a good way to open the conversation.

"That's nice," said Uncle Weston.

"Miss Nelson, our biology teacher, told me I oughta feel proud to have a famous Uncle like you."—William knew this would hold attention even if the frogs didn't.

Uncle Weston looked up from his trigonometry.

"Well at least it's nice to know that someone appreciates life's deeper things."

William decided it was all right to put Uncle Weston to the test. "She said she had an algebra problem that's got her stumped. I told her you'd be glad to help."

The very mention of a mathematical problem made Uncle Weston alert. "Why I thought she did nothing but cut up frogs. —Of course I'll be glad to help. Really I'm glad to see your teacher taking an interest in math. Maybe she'll inspire you to do better."

"Maybe"—William conceded this solely to keep Uncle Weston in a good mood. "She's coming over after supper."

"Fine," said Uncle Weston. "I hope the problem's a tough one."

Earl arrived first. Under the guise of studying history he and William went into whispered consultation.

"But what'll happen when Miss Nelson finds out your Uncle Weston ain't got no biology problem he needs help on?"—Earl had thought the idea splendid at first, but as the fatal moment drew near he was becoming squeamish.

"Something'll happen all right"—William was a born optimist.

When Miss Nelson arrived Uncle Weston had his algebra books all laid out neatly. It was seldom that he had a chance to expound the exact science of higher mathematics to anyone in person. His reading public was tucked away in small colleges and laboratories. He relished the thought of tackling the problem with an audience.

Lillybelle ushered the biology teacher into the living room. Uncle Weston greeted her warmly if rather formally. "I'm so glad you came Miss Nelson.—I think everyone is glad to help a neighbor with some problem."

"I think so too," smiled Miss Nelson. "I hesitated about coming over, but William insisted and I'm rather glad he did." —She laid her biology books on the card table Uncle Weston had set up for a work bench.

An awkward moment of silence followed—William and Earl played tic-tac-toe on what passed for a history notebook and Uncle Weston and Miss Nelson each waited for the other to state his problem.

Finally Uncle Weston took the bull by the horns. "I'd like to explain a few simple basic math. rules before we tackle the problem, Miss Nelson. I think you'll find them interesting."

William and Earl held their breaths, but strangely enough Miss Nelson didn't protest—in fact, she

was flattered—She supposed Uncle Weston was trying in his own sweet way to entertain her for coming over.—The biology problem could wait.—“Why, I think that’s wonderful. I’ve read your books, but I never expected an explanation from the author himself.”

Uncle Weston’s face managed a nice shade of pink. “I only hope I don’t bore you.”—He knew few women who really liked math.

“I’m sure you won’t.” Miss Nelson hoped the basic rules wouldn’t take long—She was itching to expound a few biology rules of her own.

“Well then we’ll start with triangles,” said Uncle Weston happily. “As soon as I explain a few things you’ll understand why.”

Thirty minutes and Uncle Weston was still on triangles and Miss Nelson actually seemed interested. Earl was becoming bored. “William,” he whispered, “maybe if we leave them alone they’ll get married quicker.”

William doubted this, but was willing to try anything. Uncle Weston and Miss Nelson didn’t even notice them leave. Three later tiptoe trips to the living room door disgusted Earl. “I’m going home. You tell me what happens tomorrow at school.”

It took the town clock to break up the math. huddle, and William had long since gone to bed wondering why people took so long to get married.

“Twelve already. Why, we’ve hardly started.” Miss Nelson laid down her pencil. “I haven’t had such an interesting evening in ages.”—She was beginning to have a high respect for Uncle Weston. He was really a brilliant man.

“But we haven’t discussed the problem.” Uncle Weston was enjoying himself.

Miss Nelson laughed. “That’s right, we haven’t.” She was glad for an excuse to come back. Mathematics was a fascinating subject and she intended to learn more about it. “Perhaps if I came over—”

“By all means.” Uncle Weston took his cue. “Would tomorrow night be convenient?”

It was! —When she had gone Uncle Weston returned to finish a few square roots and then went to bed—For the first time in years he dreamed of something other than math.

For over a week Miss Nelson became a nightly visitor. She and Uncle Weston went over basic math and had the time of their lives. On the third night she left her biology books behind. Unless Weston (It had been Weston since the hypotenuses) mentioned his biology problem she meant to keep putting it off. —Miss Nelson was also dreaming, but not about biology.

William and Earl watched the developments, but

since it lacked a certain glamour they were far from satisfied. A late Tuesday afternoon found them on the steps leading up to the library. They were discussing some way to get the marriage going.

“They get along all right,” observed Earl. “But in the movies something would have happened before this.”

“Uncle Weston thinks she likes his old Mathematics,” grumbled William. “They oughta be some way I could fix it so he’d ask her to marry him. Then maybe he’d be too busy to worry about me being his only nephew that fails.”—William was silent, but then out of loyalty to his relative added, “But the real reason is because I don’t want him growing old before his time.”

Suddenly William gave a familiar yell. “I gotta idea.” —No one was within two blocks but it called for a whisper nonetheless.

William began his final offensive right after supper. “Is Miss Nelson coming over again tonight?”

Uncle Weston nodded; “Yes, we’re just beginning calculus.”

William put on his best innocent look. “I’ll bet Mr. Abercrombie’s getting worried.”

The effect of this little observation was gratifying. “What’s that old buzzard worrying about?—Just because he’s school principal doesn’t mean he can manage his teachers off hours.”

“Just the same I’ll bet he’s worried.”—William was using his mysterious tone to good advantage.

Uncle Weston was quiet for a moment. He didn’t quite know how to ask a question without giving himself away. William didn’t need to be asked. He’d seen enough movies to know what Uncle Weston was worried about, so he told him.

“He’s sweet on Miss Nelson and everybody at school thinks she’ll marry him before long.”—William hoped this little white lie wouldn’t make Mr. Abercrombie mad.

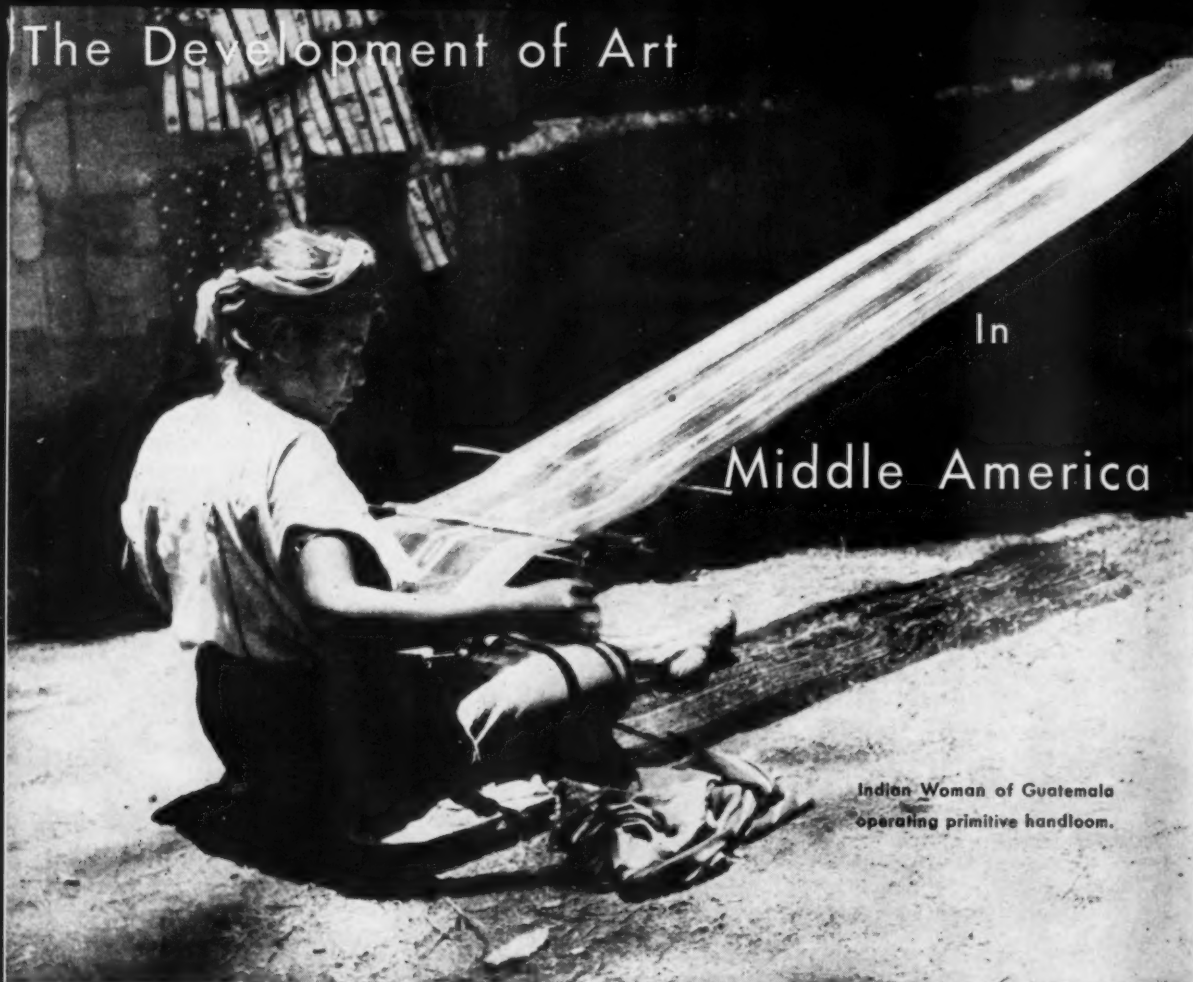
Uncle Weston’s face passed the pink stage and made a nice raspberry sundae red. “Er—I’m going to ask a favor William. —Miss Nelson and I have a very tough problem tonight.—You and Earl study somewhere else, will you?”

William believed in making the most of any situation. “We could go down to Moore’s drugstore for double jumbo lemon sodas, but we’ve done spent our allowance.”

When Miss Nelson arrived, William and Earl had departed for Moore’s to drink all the double jumbo lemon soda Mr. Moore would part with for 50¢. Uncle Weston answered the door. He had on his

Continued on page 158

The Development of Art



In Middle America

Indian Woman of Guatemala
operating primitive handloom.

—Middle America Information Bureau

IT is one of the great romantic mysteries of history—that mighty empire of ancient civilization, culture, and art which rose in Middle America, flourished for centuries, and then toppled and fell through its own inner weaknesses and vanished from sight under smothering green waves of the tropical forest. The scene of this astounding development which has baffled historians was Middle America, in what we now know as the ten republics on our southern borders, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Panama, Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. And the authors of that fine flowering of civilization and art, which has been compared by many students to that of Egypt and early Greece, were—aboriginal Indians.

These early people who lived in the childhood of the world reached a high artistic and intellectual development in the fields of architecture, sculpture, painting, mathematics, astronomy and some of the

sciences. Not *our* type of civilization—but their own. The era in which they flourished was from an undetermined period B.C. until 1492 A.D., when the ruthless *conquistadores* of Spain set forth on their greedy quest for gold and treasure and found them an easy prey.

Now only the faint and shadowy outlines of that ancient splendor remain, revealed to us through ruins of magnificent stone temples. The best of these ruins are found in the jungles of Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan. Here are towering monoliths, wondrously carved by master technicians, with portraits of legendary princes or heroes, and picture-writing which chronicled their glories—stories in stone which no man can read. Pyramids two hundred feet high, elaborately carved, with spiral staircases, not used for burial purposes like the pyramids of the early Egyptians, but as ceremonial centers and observatories. These fabulous ruins contain some of the most important sculptures of

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the New World—and are all the more remarkable because they were carved without metal tools, using instead sharp cutting instruments of stone, such as flint, jade and obsidian, with sand abrasives which required endless time and patience. There were paintings on skins, plaster and paper; parchment was used for government records, for religious and historical manuscripts.

In Costa Rica and Panama have been found the finest examples of pottery ever made without a potter's wheel, beautifully modeled and decorated in spontaneous free-hand designs. Jars and vases, often in the form of flowers, birds and beasts, all very realistic and created by a master's hand. Here also were found exquisite examples of wood-carving, weaving and fine metal-work in silver and gold, adorned with precious jewels. The Spanish conquerors, as their writings record, were astounded at the high excellence of these Indian goldsmiths, whose work surpassed that of even the best jewelers of Europe. In fact, the *conquistadores* were amazed by the advanced state of civilization, culture, and wealth that they found in these Indian empires which stretched in a kind of loose feudal system from Mexico to the Gulf of Darien.

These were no crude savage Indians, but a homogeneous race of a high order of intelligence, with principles of government, science, and art as well developed as those of early Egypt and Greece.

Who were they? Whence came they? How did they live? History, research and a few precious manuscripts rear a shadowy outline, yet one solidly based on facts. Imagine, first, this Middle America of pre-Columbus days. A land fabulously rich and fertile, of varied and beautiful scenery, with green valleys and cool uplands, dense forests, emerald lakes, snow-capped mountains and volcanic peaks, vivid plants and flowers and brilliant-plum-

aged birds, streams abounding in fish and gravelled with gold—a veritable Garden of Eden. Here, in this eternal splendor of nature, before history and before legend, a homogeneous, nomadic race migrated and found it good, prospered and spread out. And after centuries the great Mayan empire came into being and reached its zenith of civilization, culture and art between 68 A.D. and 571 A.D.

This empire was ruled by a priestly caste of native Indian princes, with an advisory council of nobles. There were two classes, the upper and the lower, the plebeians or common Indians rigidly separated from the aristocrats and excluded from any voice in government. These peasants, though of the same race, language, and religion as the nobles, were the workers, the craftsmen, highly skilled and trained artisans, living in simple thatched huts even as today, with few earthly possessions, but content. The government and laws of this priestly caste were based on religion which rigidly controlled the high and the low. The famous stone ruins of Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan were temples, with great open courts, shrines of gods, and altars for human sacrifices. Even the smallest articles found in these ruins were decorated with designs and symbols of special religious significance. No traces of towns or private houses remain, probably because these were built of wood or less stable materials which time and the jungles devoured.

And who were these gods the Indians worshiped? There were all kinds of gods in this ancient pantheon, big gods and little gods, good gods and bad gods. Gods of agriculture, of thunder and lightning and wind and rain, of hunting and fishing; gods of singing and laughter and healing, of embroidery and painting; gods of flowers and beasts and birds, of childbirth and travel and trade; sinister underworld demons and beneficent sky-gods.



THE GRAIL

And over all was the great, awe-inspiring sun-god to whom human sacrifices were made in the temples.

All these gods the Indian portrayed in his art-forms. He carved and modeled and painted what he saw around him in his daily life: a turkey in a trap, a hunter with a deer, a black god making fire; flowers and birds and beasts and men—all very realistic and executed with masterly skill.

Then came wars, deadly feuds and rivalries between the ruling priest-kings which made things easy for the Spanish conquerors. And when Cortez came and the ruthless Alvarado with his cavalry and his cannon, the end was inevitable. Bloody battles were waged up and down the land, great cities sacked, precious manuscripts burned, native princes and rulers exterminated. Even the lesser chiefs were slain. Some of the Indian princes joined the Spaniards, adding treachery to the tragedy. The rivers ran blood, and the helpless Indians, without leaders, were slaughtered wholesale. Not without protest. Bishop de Las Casas, valiant champion of the Indians, addressed a vigorous petition to the King of Spain against these butcheries, and devoted missionaries tried to protect their flocks. But brutal militarism was in the saddle. Taking out the gold and treasure was big business in those days. And so a mighty empire of culture and art passed into the shadows of history and became a faint memory. Spain began to stamp its indelible imprint on the people and the land. That the people rebelled against the cruelty of the conquerors is evidenced by many ancient masks in which the intruders were portrayed as blue-eyed devils with yellow hair.

With this change of masters came another change, an inner change. The Indians of these countries, from remotest legendary days, were strongly religious. To them, religion was a spiritual force, motivating their daily lives and folkways. God, man, nature, was one indivisible whole, which they expressed freely, without the slightest self-consciousness, in all their art-forms. It was therefore an easy transitional step to exchange their tribal gods and legends of human sacrifice for the religion of Him who made Himself willingly the sacrifice for all mankind.

Thus was ushered in the art development of Middle America (1492-1821) called the Conquest or colonial period which lasted three centuries.

In Spain the architecture of this period showed a strong Saracen influence, due to the European invasion by the Moors. And in the New World, in government and private buildings, this Moorish note was repeated—but with a subtle difference.

In Panama, for example, a typical house of this period had a high, stout outer wall for protection, behind which the various house units were built. There were immense front doors, with little grilled peekaboo openings to see if a friend or foe stood outside. Lovely inner courts with overhanging balconies, patios with central fountains, hidden gardens with "rosary" paths. Moorish? Yes—but not altogether Moorish. For a charming quality of simplicity had crept in, due entirely to the native Indian labor, a quality of sincerity, which is the true index of art. The decorations were less ornate and extravagant, the carvings in wood and stone simpler, more artistic; even the tiles show greater individuality. And this native influence made the Spanish buildings of the New World superior in actual art values to those of the old.

In this colonial period, the Church played a highly important role in the development of art and was active in founding schools and colleges. There were schools of agriculture, apprentice-schools in arts and handicrafts and architectural design. Fine technicians developed. Here again, to the aboriginal Indian, the transition was a simple and natural one, deeply rooted in his artistic traditions handed down from legendary times. In the great gem-like cathedrals and the little village churches which rose throughout the land, this artistic native talent is strongly seen. In the façades of magnificent churches, altars, and ceilings richly covered with gold; in the columns, capitols and vaulted ceilings, and the realistic carvings of flowers, animals and birds. The façade of La Merced Cathedral in ancient Antigua, ruined by earthquake, is an excellent example of this fine flowering of architectural art.

After three centuries of colonial administration, the Spanish rule in Middle America came to an end. Like the Mayan rule before it, inner weaknesses had developed. Central American independence was declared in 1821. After an interlude of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide, his kingdom was overthrown and there came into being the ten republics as we know them now. But progress was slow. There was much to learn—and much to unlearn. It was not until the beginning of the 20th century that the art-life of these peoples began to reassert itself. The governments of the republics began to start schools of arts and handicrafts, and painting and sculpture forged ahead.

Now as always, the native artists of these countries draw their inspiration from the seething life around them. Their approach is completely natural, realistic, direct and sincere. In the popular handicrafts of weaving, basketry and pottery, the ancient forms of decoration and technique still prevail,

practically untouched. Living in Guatemala at the present time are more than twenty original tribes, each with its own ancient Mayan color-schemes, costumes and art-forms.

To realize the deep, instinctive art-feelings of these Indians, one has only to visit a Guatemalan town on market day. It is a gay, colorful scene bathed in brilliant sunshine. Clumsy oxcarts with their great, painted wheels rumble by. Barefooted Indian women, in costumes of conquest and pre-conquest days, in bright head-ribbons and wide woven belts, swing gracefully along, with large shallow baskets of cut flowers or fowls balanced on their heads. Some of the men, in magnificent and romantic costumes which follow exactly in design and colors those of old Mayan days, are knitting *petates*—bags—as they stroll. The children are dressed exactly like their parents. The outdoor market, covering a block in space, is artistically arranged. In one section are beautiful weavings with bird and plant and animal motifs. And old woman is weaving a belt on a narrow loom six inches wide—weaving without pattern, from memory, tracing figures like those in an ancient manuscript in an unknown tongue. Here are shawls and

blankets of cotton and silk and wool, elaborately embroidered. And pottery of all kinds, vases and jars and painted gourds, entrancing tiny toys and costumed figures, and whistles carved in animal shapes. A young Indian is decorating a vase with free, spontaneous brush-strokes, delicate as a butterfly's wing. Near by is a section given over to mats, bags and baskets which are woven dreams of beauty. And as a backdrop to this brilliant, living scene, tower great volcanic peaks while near at hand lie the ruins of magnificent churches, a few façades and columns left standing, remnants of past grandeur.

In front of the village church, worshipers are swinging clay censers, and inside, Indians in Mayan costume are kneeling at the altar. The center aisle is carpeted with rose leaves. As evening falls, the great bell in a ruined church peals out the vesper message, the sacristan swinging the clapper by hand. And the Indians stream out of their humble homes to pray. Many pray at the shrine of Hermano Pedro de Betancourt, great saint of the Mayans, who gave his life to bettering their lot. So the great past and the living present merge in kneeling figures.

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

NO STITCHES NEEDED



"He touched his ear and healed him." —St. Luke 22:51.

THE FIRST constructive surgical operation to be performed on man took place in the Garden of Pleasure, when the Creator put Adam "under," removed one of his ribs, and "formed it into a woman." No surgical skill has ever been able to duplicate that feat.

A destructive operation was performed in the Garden of Olives, when impetuous Peter brandished his sword, "struck the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear." But Jesus, the Author of Life, Who was at that very moment being seized in order to be put to death, "touched his ear and healed him." God builds and heals; man tears down and wounds. Man's most destructive scalpel, that severs the sensitive, twitching fibres of the human heart without first administering an anesthetic is—his tongue, an instrument of untold pain, suffering and death. But it can be, and such is the Creator's wish and plan, an instrument of welcome relief and rejuvenated hope and life. The Savior's tongue excoriated the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, but it was the vial of the oil and wine that He, as Good Samaritan, poured into the hearts of sinners, wounded by contrition and penance, and silent sufferers.

The ear of the sufferer is ever open and eager to drink in every drop of comfort and encouragement that distills like honey from your lips. A single drop will work wonders. But broken hearts do not heal as quickly as the ear of the high priest's servant. You must keep on pouring in the healing oil until the heart is whole and sound.

HE'S NO SAINT

Frater Finan Glynn, O. Carm.

Dear Fran,

Well, how's America's Ace today? Any Jap Zeroes yet? Silly boy! If you're as handy with your trigger finger as you were with a baseball bat, I'm sure the Japs are plenty safe. You couldn't hit an elephant at two paces!

In my last letter, I forgot to tell you about Don. Boy! He's really grown. You know Fran, I hadn't seen him for quite a few years; but that week's visit at home with him was well worth the wait. I can't believe he's only eleven. You should hear him talk. You'd swear he was fifty. I can't get over it. He's so sure of himself.

We were alone one evening sitting in the parlor and he began to tell me all about his football team. Believe it or not, the little runt's the captain! Every team we were ever on, the captain took over the quar-

terback slot and I thought sure I had him this time. Foiled again! He pulled himself up to his full four feet and a few inches, puffed out his chest and proudly announced that he was the sole possessor of right guard. From here he led me to a discussion of how the backs should fall. This, of course, was an approach, "I broke a fellow's shoul-

der tackling him, Jim, but it wasn't my fault, honest. He didn't fall right."

I could see he was getting serious now. He wanted to know the difference between the Pope and President Roosevelt, and as I opened my mouth to say something, believe me, I don't know what, he raised his hand and said, "Never mind, Jim, I know, the Pope's in religion and Roosevelt's in politics." That was certainly good enough for me. You tell me, Fran, what could I have told him?

But that's not all, Fran, not by a long shot. Listen to this, will you! His head was turned away from me, his fingers were playing with the arm of the couch and his feet were moving up and down slowly. Then the questions started to come. He wanted to know how I felt when I was his age.

Did I really want to become a priest then? Were the studies hard at my school? Did we always study or did we have a chance to play any games? How was being away from Mom and Dad? Did I miss them very much when I went away?

Did I think a boy like him could become a priest? Was it wrong for a little fellow like him to think of becoming a priest?

By this time my head was reeling. But I answered all his questions for him and when I told him it was boys like him who do become priests, his eyes began to sparkle. He was really happy.

You should have seen

him,

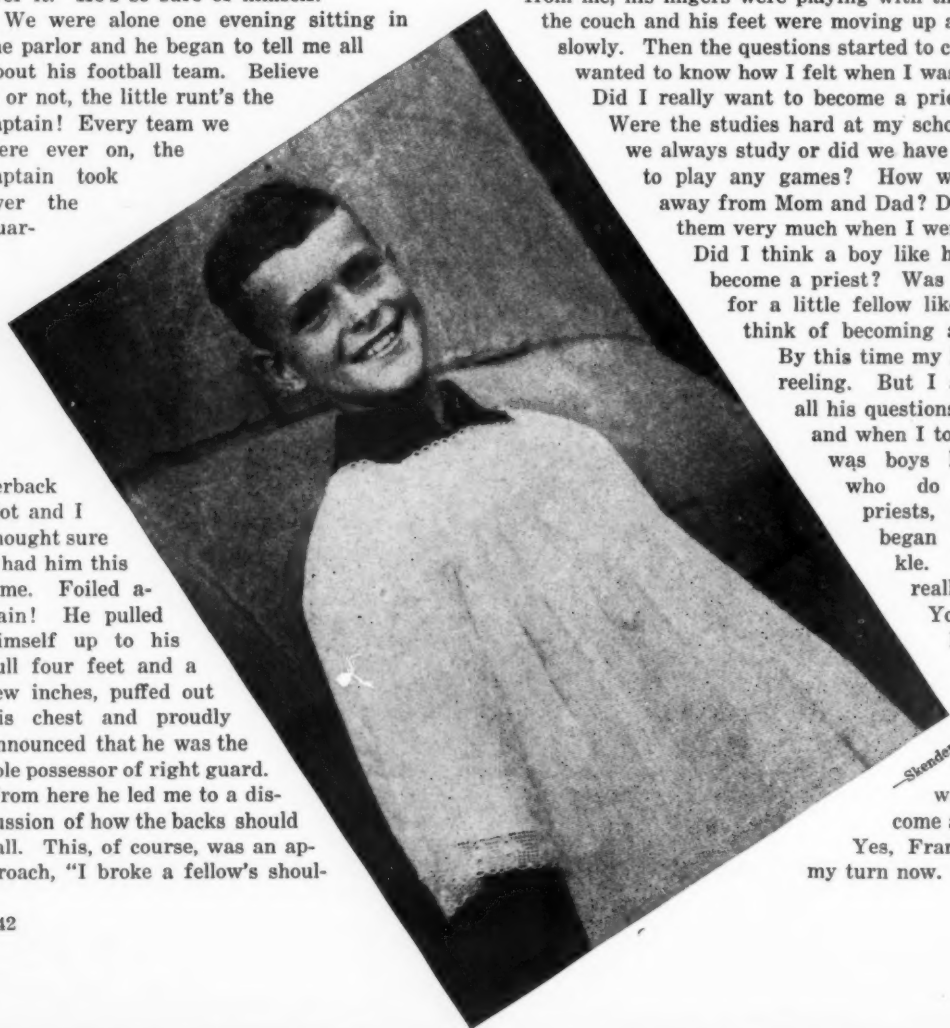
Fran.

Then

he said,

"Jim, I want to become a priest."

Yes, Fran, it was my turn now. My eyes



—Slender



—U. S. Army Photo

Two Catholic chaplains, both of whom have seen service in the European theater, meet at Vaughan General Hospital, Hines, Illinois, where they are recovering from wounds and injuries received while in the front lines. They are Major Edward J. De Mars (left) of Detroit, Mich., and Captain John E. Ernst of St. Louis, Mo. Father Ernst has been awarded the Silver Star.

THE CHAPLAIN'S NOTES IN VERSE

Around the dreary battle-ground
I wandered, till I found a heap:
A wounded pal beside the mound
Of comrades fallen fast asleep;
I ministered his Heaven's pass:
Confession, Absolution, Peace;
—Next morning at the early Mass,
His labored breathing came to cease;
For angels carried off his Soul
To greet a host of other Knights;
Thus ended in my Chaplain's role,
A blessed use of Heaven's rites.—

sparkled. I asked Mom and Dad about it later and they told me that's how he felt.

You know, Fran, it's funny how little fellows like Don are so sure they want to become priests. Yet, you look at them and for the life of you, you can't see they're any different from the other fellows of their age. You can ask them "why" and you'll get a million answers. Not a one is the same. They'll tell you they like the way Father Ryan jokes with them; they like to be altar boys; they like to wear those nice cassocks serving Mass; they like

Bravery is Rewarded

TWO Catholic chaplains, one of whom was wounded and the other injured while serving on the front lines in the European theater, are now recovering at Vaughan General Hospital, Hines, Illinois—Major Edward J. DeMars of Detroit, Michigan, and Captain John E. Ernst, St. Louis, Missouri.

Father Ernst, who administered last rites to the dying and rendered first aid to battle casualties although he himself was wounded and under severe enemy artillery fire, has been awarded the Silver Star.

He is suffering from shrapnel wounds in both arms, legs and his back, incurred during the Fourth Armored Division's drive for Lorient, France, last August.

Father DeMars was injured while arranging services for front line troops. Both he and Father Ernst are now conducting services for patients and duty personnel at Vaughan hospital.

Overseas, the two priests said daily Mass in foxholes, in shelled buildings and on the back of jeeps. Always within the range of enemy artillery fire and often in reach of small arms fire, services were held. The chaplains went from one foxhole to another administering Holy Communion. They have solemnized Mass aboard troop ships also.

Outlining in detail Father Ernst's gallantry, a citation issued by Major General Wood reads in part . . . "Chaplain Ernst refused to take cover and with dominant, spirited self-control courageously moved from flaming vehicle to vehicle, removing the wounded and assisting in their evacuation. With complete and utter disregard for his own personal safety, Chaplain Ernst continued his work of mercy until all seriously wounded were cared for. Chaplain Ernst's steadfast, resolute and determined actions reflect the highest credit on himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

Sister at school because she says such nice things about the priest. I asked Dan why he wanted to be a priest and he said, "Gee, Jim, I don't know; I just do, that's all."

Well, Fran, I guess I've come to the end of the line for this trip. Sharpen up that eye of yours, will you, and get this war over with.

Don't laugh too hard when you hear our little "rough-neck" wants to be a priest. It is funny, though, isn't it?

Your Loving Brother,
Jim

BROADIST

Anna Market Recd

As the poet said long ago (and even a pagan poet knew that much), broad is the way and easy the descent to hell! It slopes—all the way down; and it is a thousand times easier to keep right on, plugging steadily away up the straight and narrow path to heaven than to stop on that broad downward incline, dig in our heels, turn around, and inch ourselves upward. It can be done! Yes! Great saints have done it. Ordinary people like you and me have done it. But let's not take a chance. Remember how fast you went downhill when you were a kid on roller skates—and how hard it was to climb back up?

That downward path can begin in big ways or little. Usually it's in little ways. We don't have to rob a bank to be thieves; we can steal pennies from a blind man's cup. We don't have to commit murder to be mean; we can kick a dog in the ribs just because he's lying where we want to walk. Nor is it only adults who err. Young people, too, can take the first step from the narrow way to the broad. They don't have to be Solomons to know right from wrong, or black from white—or even, for that matter, to detect a faint difference between gray and white.

Just for example—how about the company you keep, kids? You know, birds of a feather flock together! That's not just a truism; it's true. Remember the time Jean asked you to go out with her new crowd? You hesitated. Jean was different lately since she'd begun dating that smooth set. But instead of delivering a decisive, snappy, "No, thanks!" you said, "Who else is coming?" in that wavering, I'm-not-quite-sure tone of voice.

Jean laughed at you, the dimple dipping in her cheek. "Oh, don't be a prude! They won't bite you. Jim is swell, Sally! You'll adore him."

You began, "But—" and then, in the face of Jean's laughter, stopped. Dad and Mother don't like you to go out with non-Catholics; but Jim Dudley! High point man on the basketball team; four year letter man; assistant editor of the school paper... You said, "O.K.! See you at seven."

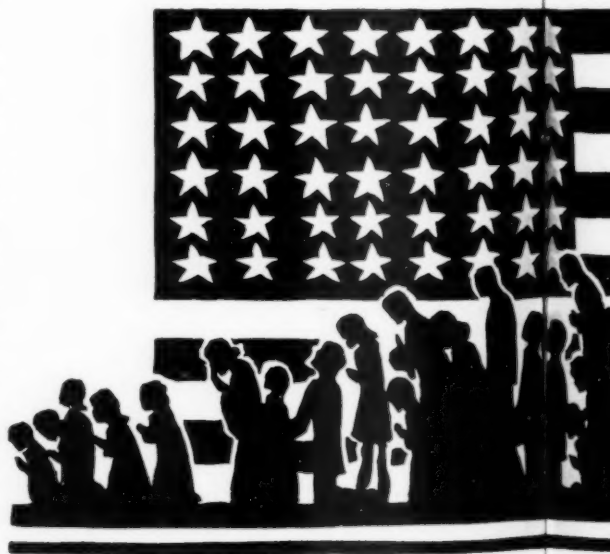
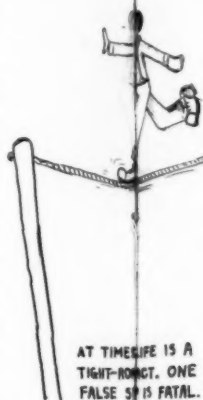
Was it worth it? Jim was handsome, certainly—but he didn't keep his hands where they belonged. The crowd went to a night club Mom and Dad would have been ashamed to see you enter; half-dressed girls, half-drunken men, profanity, coarseness. You even drank a little yourself, and giggled at some of the off-color jokes... and then it was after twelve and you were still eating a hamburger. You couldn't receive Our Lord in Holy Communion that Sunday morning—and it wasn't much fun, a little later, to tell Him in confession what you had been doing. All little things? I wonder. Or the first step down? That depends. Next week had you learned your lesson, or did you go again?

And how about that Chem. test last Friday? Of course, you wouldn't copy anyone else's paper! You get positively indignant about that. But John needed a little help... he's a good guy, did you a favor once... Goes with your sister, too, so he's practically in the family... But was it less dishonest to help John cheat than if you had stolen information for yourself? John's integrity is

just as important as yours. And—think a minute next time you can't remember a formula—isn't the logical step downward to let John—or Mabel—or George—help you?

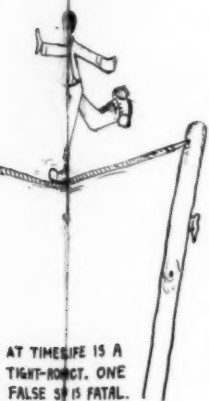
There are the young people of marriage age, too. Once I met an attractive young woman on the train. In the course of our conversation she said laughingly, "My sister and I always said we'd never marry anyone but Catholics; but now we're both married to non-Catholics. It's funny how things turn out, isn't it?" Funny wasn't quite my word for it. I thought "sad" was a little more accurate.

Seriously, she added, "Till you fall in love, you think you'd never make



IS THE WAY

ana Market Record



AT TIMES LIFE IS A
TIGHT-ROPE. ONE
FALSE STEP IS FATAL.

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a mixed marriage—but you always do.”

Always? “I know a girl who didn’t,” I said. “She broke her engagement when her fiancé couldn’t accept her faith.”

“She did! Well—she couldn’t really have loved him very much in the first place.”

“Perhaps not,” I said. “But I thought she merely loved her Church enough to obey its laws.”

She gave me a funny look, and I realized abruptly that I hadn’t been very tactful. But, at the moment, it *isn’t* easy to decide between two such loves, and I’m afraid I was remembering... you see, I was the girl who broke her engagement.

I don’t deserve any credit for extra piety. Rather the contrary!

Some people can work it out; I was sure I couldn’t. I was terribly afraid of sacrificing my ideal of a Catholic marriage at the very outset of married life. How could I have carried on alone—teaching our children the paramount truth of Catholicism when I hadn’t really believed it myself in the most important step I could ever make? Some people achieve it; I couldn’t. I’m an average, run-of-the-mill Catholic who needs all the help, natural and supernatural, she can get. For me, a mixed marriage would have been relinquishing an unalterable ideal. It would have been one step downward.

Think of the Catholic couples you know who practise birth control.

I can count on the fingers of one hand the Catholics I know (who have spoken about it, at all, of course) who profess to believe that artificial birth control is wrong! Most of them have stated “it is up to the individual to decide things like that” and that, in their opinion, “it is none of the Church’s business, anyway.” One non-Catholic wife, who told me this was the opinion of her Catholic husband, became quite indignant when I asked humbly, for information, if he were a practising Catholic. “Why, of course! Peter takes his religion very seriously!”

I have to admit that, as a convert who expected “born” Catholics to be literally glowing with Catholic truth (something in the

manner of a jack-o’lantern!), this attitude gave me a profound shock. I couldn’t quite figure out how they could ever receive Holy Communion as long as they held such views. There’s that inelastic, firm-purpose-of-amendment clause, you know! And if you know, deep in your heart, that you’re going to commit a mortal sin again as soon as the occasion arises, you *don’t* have a firm purpose to amend your life. Maybe you’re fooling yourself, though I doubt it, but you certainly aren’t fooling God!

In these ways, and in many others, toleration of the “second rate” changes to acceptance. What is merely not the best way—and usually does—give way to what is positively harmful. Or, as Alexander Pope phrased it:

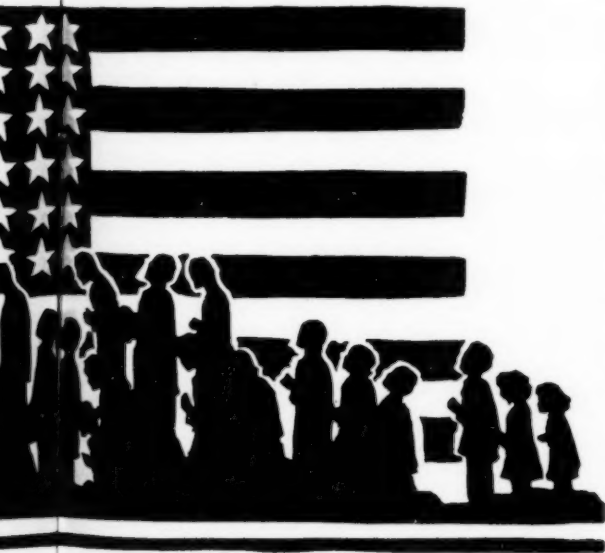
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Flirting with temptation is, first of all, an insult to God. Secondly it works an injury to the soul, no matter how imperceptible this damage may be at the beginning. Don’t cultivate a love of danger, for broad is the way and easy the descent to Avernus: playing with fire, you know—in the case of the soul—may be only too literally true.

I Ascend

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

By tense
Far more than sense
These two short words invite
My earth-bound soul to upward flight
TODAY.
Somehow,
My life till now
Naught but this promise could
Extract: “I will, I shall, I should, I may.”



Blue Robed Envoys of Christ

Edward F. Garesché S.J.

THE widespread need for more vocations to the Sisterhoods is making itself felt in every phase of endeavor to which Sisters have dedicated themselves. But in no field is the need more urgently felt than on the mission fronts all over the world. It is amazing to think that Sisters have been "on the missions" for just a little over 100 years. When St. Francis Xavier set out to preach the Gospel throughout the Indies he had not the consolation of having the aid of Sisters to keep and consolidate his work by the example of their lives and their Christlike ministrations to the peoples. Neither St. Isaac Jogues and his companions, nor the Franciscan Fathers, who labored so zealously in the New World, had Sisters to help them in their great work of conversion. Indeed, it was not until 1790 that the first community of Religious women came to our United States, and these were the Carmelites of Baltimore. But since the 1800's we find that Sisters have gone out to every land and undertaken many kinds of work, cooperating with the Missionary Bishops, priests and Brothers, sharing their hardships, but also sharing their merit in spreading the Faith and bringing souls to a knowledge and love of Christ. Today, one of the first thoughts of a Missionary Bishop or priest, in planning a new mission, is concerned with securing the assistance of some Sisters. Religious women have become an integral part of mission organization. Sisters already outnumber the priests and Brothers nearly two to one. But with each new growth the necessity for still further expansion becomes more and more apparent. The war will result in a still greater appeal for more help to the missions on the part of our American Sisters. So one problem stands out especially and clamors for our immediate and effect-

ive attention,—mission personnel—more Sisters, and again more Sisters, for replacement, yes, and for the tremendous expansion of mission work which will be possible if enough Volunteers of Christ can be found who will leave all and follow Him in a missionary vocation.

The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, is one of these communities of Missionary Sisters

which await the entrance into their ranks of many more devoted and capable young Catholic women, in order to make it possible for them to carry out their broad program of missionary activity. This community aims to extend its apostolate to many parts of the world, here at home, in our own mission fields, and in the far-flung foreign mission districts. The Sisters will be prepared to go any place and do any work which is for the glory of God and the good of souls. Christ has said, "Go—teach all nations," and

Jesus gave His Own Mother to be the Mother of the whole human race. It is the desire of these Sisters to help to fulfill this all-embracing command of Our Lord, and to help to bring the knowledge and love of Christ and His Blessed Mother to all peoples.

The vocation of these Sisters comprises both the active and contemplative life. They will do everything possible, by their prayer and work, to cooperate with our Holy Mother Church to spread the Kingdom of God on earth and bring the light of Truth to all men. No work is too lowly or too difficult, no mission too far or too isolated, when it is a question of saving souls and gaining greater glory for the Holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Such a spirit of universal charity can have its roots only in a deep inward love of God and in a lively Faith, which sees the Person of Jesus Christ



Exposition at Vista Maria

in even the most wretched of mankind. The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, strive always to have the pure Love of God as the mainspring of all their activities and labors, and a Christlike love of neighbor for the love of God. A vigorous spiritual life is the only means of acquiring, and then increasing, the charity and diligence required by a fervent missionary life; therefore the Sisters place their spiritual exercises first in importance. Daily Mass and Holy Communion, meditation and spiritual reading, the recitation of the rosary each day and other community prayers said in common, together with the monthly Novena to Our Lady, Health of the Sick, in which many of the friends of the community join, are among the principal spiritual exercises of these Sisters. The Office of the Blessed Virgin is recited in choir each day. Their special devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, to the Holy Family and to those great patrons of the missions, the Little Flower and St. Francis Xavier, help to keep missionary ideals constantly before them, and make their daily life fruitful for souls no matter what particular work they may happen to be doing at any time.

The hours for the various spiritual exercises are carefully arranged, so that all the Sisters may have the benefit of those times when fervor is renewed and fresh strength is gathered to live as true Spouses of Christ Crucified, ready to welcome with joy the labors and difficulties of a zealous missionary life.

In imitation of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, are directed by their constitutions to be especially zealous to help the souls of children: and of the ignorant and abandoned, who are most like children in their needs and weakness. To do this, the Sisters are counselled to become well instructed in catechetical work so as to be skillful catechists themselves, and able and eager to train others to participate in giving instructions in the truths of our Faith.

In keeping with this same direction the Sisters specially purpose to carry out the wishes of the late Holy Father, Pius XI, which were expressed in an Instruction issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, Feb. 11th, 1936. It reads in part as follows:

Before Our Lady, Health of the Sick

"It has been the constant and watchful practise of this Sacred Congregation to adapt its methods of apostleship to the different needs of times and places. At the present time very many Ordinaries in the mission lands have of their own accord written to the Holy See about the necessity of providing more suitable safeguards for the health of mothers and infants. In parts of Africa many native tribes are decreasing daily and are exposed to extinction unless the lives of the mothers and babies are better protected. In other places children are dying in enormous numbers even shortly after birth, because of the neglect of elementary precautions for the preservation of life. . . .It is greatly to be desired that Congregations of Religious devote themselves to help both mothers and infants whose lives are endangered."

The Holy Father, with his usual wisdom, added that these Sisters should train native lay women to become their helpers, and to work with their





Daughter of Mary
demonstrates a
kit to a Girl
Scout



Preparing the
chalice for
Mass



methods and spirit, thus multiplying their own capacity to save these precious lives. Indeed the task of bringing aid to the thronging peoples of the East, where disease is so prevalent and any help scant or even non-existent, is an impossible one without the aid of native lay workers. In one of the private audiences which we were privileged to have with His Holiness, Pius XI, we ventured to say, "Your Holiness, just as you have called for a native clergy and Sisterhoods to meet the spiritual needs of the mission countries, so also they require native doctors and nurses to help them in their bodily necessities." "Of course," said the Holy Father, "that is understood; it is the same principle." And

indeed, judging from the mission records, medical ministrations are as important in saving souls as are schools.

The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick will carry out the wishes of the Holy Father by establishing centers in mission districts, both in this country and in foreign fields, from which the needy, the sick and the abandoned can be helped, and where native lay women can be trained to be catechists as well as nurses. These women will then be sent out in organized groups to teach other women both Catechetical work and nursing. In this way the work can spread like ripples in the water, one teaching another, until thousands have been set to work helping the poor and the sick, saving souls as well as bodies.

Missionaries have, from the beginning, emphasized the effectiveness of the corporal works of mercy in attracting the peoples of pagan countries to listen to and accept the doctrines of Christ. The unexpected charity which the missionary shows, by caring for people who are strangers to him, arouses their curiosity and admiration, and leads them to inquire the reason for his kindness. Such Christ-like works are entirely inexplicable from the pagan point of view, and indeed they are not understandable apart from the true Faith. The corporal works of mercy, therefore, are a golden key to open the hearts and minds of those whom the missionary desires to bring to Christ.

At the present rate of advance it would be many centuries before any adequate answer to the needs of the mission lands would come to them from outside. The Sisters whom we can possibly send out, from the United States and Europe together, can only accomplish a fraction of what is required in mission lands today. But by training mission people to work for their own we could advance by leaps and bounds. Nor have we time to wait for the present slow progress to have its final effects.

Communism is a fierce propaganda, a mission to spread falsehood and atheism. Mohammedanism and Buddhism have taken a leaf from the Catholic missions and are more intent than ever in spreading their strange beliefs. If we do not occupy the mission fields effectively the Protestants will also compete ever more actively, as mission work is their most effective means to keep their own members interested. Not long ago, in the course of a visit to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, Bishop Yu Pin of Nanking declared to the present writer, "After this war is over we shall have about ten years in China in which we can make mass conversions if only we have the workers and the means to do it. But after those ten years are over it is likely that the door will be shut to us for mass conversions in China for centuries."

So the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, are very desirous to welcome more recruits, to share with them the merits and fruit of this missionary vocation. It was His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, then Archbishop of New York, who gave to the present writer the authority to establish the Sisters as a religious community in aid of the missions. The Sisters have their Motherhouse and Novitiate at Vista Maria, Cragmoor near Ellenville, New York. Here the Sisters are trained in the spiritual life during a six months' postulancy and a year of novitiate, before taking their vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The Constitutions are modeled on those given by St. Ignatius to the Society of Jesus.

The habit worn by the Sisters is symbolic of their dedication to Our Lady, Health of the Sick. The tunic and scapular are of a dark blue with a dark blue veil and a white rosary. The professed wear a silver crucifix and ring. Those who enter must be at least sixteen years old and not more than thirty. They must, of course, have the usual qualifications for the religious life, a good character, good health and freedom to enter into this life.

Those who are interested in learning more about the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick are invited to address the writer at

**10 West 17th St.,
New York 11, N. Y.**

or

**Mother Superior,
Vista Maria,
Cragmoor, N. Y.**



—Monkemeyer

Parenthood

Marjorie R. Longwell

HISTORY fails to tell whether Diogenes, searching with his lantern through the streets of Athens, ever found an honest man. But we do know that a modern Diogenes might sweep a flashlight across the faces of all humanity, and never discover a perfect parent.

It is a comfort to know that the bewildering path of parenthood, unsmooth as that of true love, is universal. An American father, meeting a Russian father's troubled eyes across the heads of their disobedient small sons, needs no basic Esperanto for mutual understanding. "What have I done," the fathers silently ask each other, "that my child should act like this? What have I left undone? What can I *do*?" These questions in every land and language are the same; for verily, one touch of parenthood makes the whole world kin.

There are those who violently disagree with the Chinese custom of punishing parents for a child's misdeeds. "Johnny spends five hours at school," they argue, "and for three hours a day he's on his own. That's eight. How can I be held responsible for what my child learns, what he does, when I'm not at his side?"

True. And yet when Johnny gets into trouble, it comes to us with a sickening swiftness that perhaps if we'd walked with him more often, he might have been different. With less self-indulgence on our part, less desire to get him out from underfoot, this trouble might not have happened. In our heart of hearts we know that the Chinese jurist who wrote parental responsibility into the statute books was not so very far wrong.

There are no perfect parents, but there are parental goals. All we can do is strive toward them, knowing that the striving itself works almost like a formula in algebra. If, with these goals in mind, the parent does the best he can each day, everything will come out all right.

Day to day behavior is the key. Taking the child around the clock today, tomorrow, and always, and never for a moment stepping off the hard road—this is the way to victory.

Before taking the child through an average day, let us discover whether Johnny is receiving in the home his two inherent rights: the right to feel financially secure, and the right to feel loved. Without these, a home is unworthy of the name.

Even though his father earns less than coolie wages, Johnny should be made to feel financially

safe. Many a small boy (or girl) has sensed the good earth slipping from under his feet on overhearing Father tell Mother at breakfast, "Well, I'm at the end of my rope. Tomorrow I may lose my job. And when our money in the bank's all gone, God knows what will happen." Such remarks, carelessly dropped and often, darken a child's heart with inferiority that will take him half a lifetime to erase. Give him, at all costs the illusion of financial security. Keep your money worries as far out of his mental reach as you would poison from his fingers.

Even more necessary than the Gibraltar afforded by Daddy's job (or supposed job) is the knowledge that Johnny is loved. You say, "Of course I love my child, and he knows it." Does he? You may think he knows you love him because you get his meals, wash his clothes, put him to bed. But have you *told* him today? Social statistics reveal the amazing fact that no girl whose father has told her daily that he loves her, has ever been known to "go wrong." Don't be too proud to whisper in Johnny's ear the three magic words which his heart craves to hear. To him, as to all of us, love is the most important thing in the world.

And now, getting down to practical matters, let us take your child through an average day. When

you call him in the morning, does he get right up, or are you in the habit of calling him again, and again? This very matter of obedience and promptness carries over into the whole day's behavior. Can you trust him to wash himself, clean his teeth, dress, all without supervision? If so, he is almost sure to be dependable in school, and will not waste time there while doing his writing, or his arithmetic. He will not have to be constantly watched by the teacher.

Has he, perhaps, a little job to do before breakfast? Is he expected to hang up his own night-clothes? Does he make his bed? If so, can you depend on him to make it correctly, or does he half make it, so that you must tear it apart and do it over later? This matter of starting and *finishing* a job is of vital importance to him now, also later in the classroom, and still later, as you know, when he is old enough to have a child of his own.

You call him to breakfast, and does he come at once? At table is he courteous to you, to every member of the family? Does he participate in the conversation as an important (though not the most important!) member of the group?

A mother must, of course, be a dietitian. She should know the components of a well balanced meal and give her child three such meals every day. Any classroom teacher by mid-morning can spot pupils who have had the "easy breakfast" of cold cereal and milk. Such children, tired and listless, can be led to the reading circle, but can't be made to read. A good breakfast means health and energy, for food is the boy—or the girl.

At least a five foot shelf of books on nutrition have been published within the past few years, and a parent who has read some of them will never be the same again in regard to the planning of meals. These books will help, too, with the problem of the child who has developed a strong dislike for foods which he should eat. The child with a wholesome personality and a healthful adjustment to life should never be asked whether or not he likes the nutritious food that is set before him. He learns to enjoy nutritious food by eating it repeatedly, and eats it without question.

After breakfast, does your child walk to school alone, or do you walk with him? Painful as it is, a parent must learn to cut the apron strings. Let him walk without you. At noon be sure that he has a well-balanced lunch, but do not come to school to eat with him. Give him the precious gift of independence.

During school hours much of his home training will come to the surface. Has he good mental hygiene, or is his young mind crammed with un-

wholesome fears? Fear, it has been said, is the root of all evil. It saps his self-confidence, fills his days with anxieties and worries. When he is involved in some wrong doing, fear makes him afraid to tell the truth. If you can replace this fear of his with *faith*, he'll develop a friendly, outgoing personality, grow interested in others rather than just in himself, and will know the true meaning of freedom which in essence is freedom from fear.

Being interested in others, having consideration for the feelings of his friends, leads to good sportsmanship. Does your child know how to give and take, or does he just take? Does he demand all the attention, or is he willing to allow the other fellow his share of importance? No child was born considerate of others. It is distinctly an outgrowth of civilized training, the product of a good home.

After school does he play without supervision until dinner time? Authorities agree that delinquency *always has its roots in lack of supervision*. It is necessary to know where your child is and what he is doing every moment of the day. THIS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

Parents who provide their child with a workbench, encourage him (or her) to plant a garden, raise chickens, build a backyard theater and put on plays; parents who supervise ALL their child's free hours, will never have to wrestle with heart-breaking problems of delinquency. When he is older, let him join a boys' club, a swimming school, a class in handicraft. Lewis E. Lawes, former Warden of Sing Sing Prison, and one of the country's best authorities on why-boys-go-wrong, says, "Educational and social workers know from actual experience that juvenile delinquency gives way before supervised playgrounds, well organized boy's clubs, and kindred organizations."

The hours between school and dinnertime were made for discovering Johnny's "bent" and helping him to develop it. During this search into his inner self you will become for the first time truly acquainted with your child, and he with you. Also, the search will give you many a surprise. He has apparently inherited nothing of your love for music, your feeling for poetry, yet the dexterity of his small fingers leaves you completely amazed. That swan he fashions from a ball of soft clay, the fast-moving ship he paints with calcimine on a huge paper, these things are beyond your capacity. Where does this come from, how does he do it, this child whose potentialities differ from those of anyone else in the world?

There is of course no value in having a gift unless one has also the willingness to work at it, and willingness to work is part of home training.

Johnny's artistic ability should not be developed by aid of a big stick, or "because mother says so," but through encouragement of a joyous desire on the part of the child for self-expression.

After dinner, on a school night, is Johnny allowed to go to a picture show? If so, he will be white-faced with fatigue next day. During arithmetic period in school, he will be listless, yawning, far from his best self. And if he goes on Friday night or Saturday, do you let him see just any picture, or do you familiarize yourself with the weekly list of those suitable for children? Such lists are available in magazines devoted to childhood education.

In the evening does your young son or daughter listen to the radio? Here, again, do you supervise the programs? Recently a Los Angeles teacher, inquiring of a sleepy first grade girl the time she went to bed, was surprised by this reply, "Oh, my little sister and I go to bed early. We like to. We turn on the radio by our bed and listen to lots of programs. It's the scary ones we like, the scarier the better. Those with witches or ghosts. When we get to sleep, Mother comes and turns the radio off."

In the magazines containing lists of motion pictures for children, are lists of suitable radio programs. From these one can always select a few which the child will thoroughly enjoy and look forward to with eager anticipation. They must of course be presented to him with tact and finesse, not forced upon him. But once he becomes acquainted with the characters, and once the plot grips his imagination,

he'll look upon these programs as his very own.

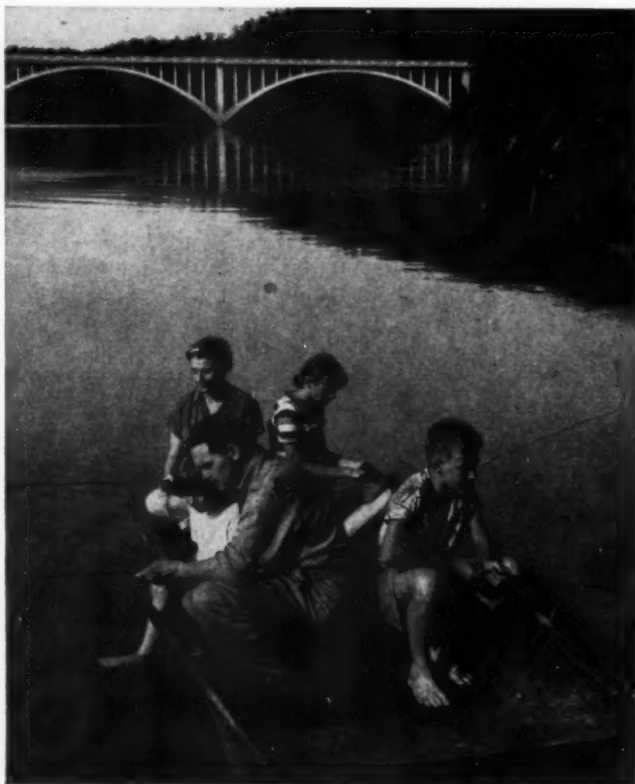
Before he goes to bed, does Johnny take a bath? And does he get all the sleep that he needs?

And now that the day is over, we come to what is known as the Maintenance Program. It is one thing to start a child off with a fine new habit, but another thing to maintain that habit day after day, day after day, allowing no exceptions. *For it is in allowing no exceptions that a habit is formed.*

We must not overlook Johnny's discourtesy on Monday, then pounce on him on Tuesday for the very behavior which on Monday we overlooked. The Maintenance Program is the secret of success in child training! A good breakfast EVERY morning, to bed at the same time EVERY night. Let us never give ourselves a holiday from this important schedule. It is hard, but it will pay big dividends, not only in school work and school success, but far ahead when the child is no longer a child, but a young man or a young woman.

The rarest of sights today is a family gathered in common entertainment. Yet, family parties, games and contests are invaluable in bringing out the best in the children.

They learn to be good losers if luck is against them; good winners if they are successful. A family library with a constantly growing section of books for children is insurance against the craze for vicious comics. And don't overlook the great value of music in training the young. Family harmony comes from hearts that beat in unison. Wholesome emotional training in singing and instrumental music will produce balanced and cultured youths.



—Godsey

Johnny is Home Again

By Mary Lanigan Healy

JOHNNY NEXTDOOR is home again. He was away for 22 months and while he was gone his older sister married and now has twins. His kid brother grew out of that voice shifting stage and managed to get Mother and Dad to sign for him so he could join the Navy. The sixteen year old who was all Sloppy Joe and sagging sox has slicked up her coiffure, clothes, and habits and entertains young men callers. The old car was too far gone and the folks traded it in on a slightly newer model. Mother's hair merged from graying to all gray and Dad's hairline went definitely over the top. The house has been painted and the tulip border taken out in favor of berry vines and Dad had a man to help him cut down the big camphor tree because a motorist ran into it one night.

These are just a few of the things which have been happening to the Nextdoors while Johnny was away. These are just a few of the things they were writing him about and which he could hardly wait to get home to see and hear and feel and sense and know. They are the things he tried to see when he was thousands of miles away from them; they are the things he saw in his delirium as well as in his sweetest dreams. They are the things which are important to him because they concern those he loves.

And what's been happening to Johnny Nextdoor while he was away? Well, there are two deep lines along side his mouth which used not to be there. There's a certain jumpiness about him which Johnny never had before. There are twenty more pounds on him than when he first put on a uniform. There's a scar on his right hand and an unease in his use of it. There's a new set of phrases in his speech and a new set of names. In his wallet is a snapshot of a girl with soft dark hair blowing away from her face, and she is a girl the folks have never met.

So things have happened at home and things have been happening away in the past two years and now that these two worlds have moved within speaking distance what is the most normal procedure for the inhabitants of each? It is natural that the representatives of each shall talk, and talk and talk. It is natural that one question will only lead to another and "Say do you remember" will only be over-ridden by "Did I tell you." It is to be expected that

Sis will say; "But Johnny you don't know these twins..." and Johnny shall grin and murmur, "Well, it's not because you haven't told me about them." And when the talking reaches fullest volume, kid brother will shout; "Hey you guys! Shut up will you! How can I talk on the phone?" And they'll tease Johnny about those extra pounds and Mom about the fact that she likes to listen to Sinatra and no one will weigh a word or finely chisel a phrase because it is the family, and Johnny has made it complete again.

We think that the Nextdoors will sweep Johnny along with them from day to day. He will be accepted as one of them. He will be free to talk if he wants to talk and to read a book when he doesn't. If any one is curious about life on New Guinea he will not hesitate to ask the man who was there. He will ask an honest question. He will not hedge around self erected barriers in his mind to make it a "lead" or "release" question.

Yes! We think Johnny Nextdoor is going to be all right. We saw him at Mass Sunday with his folks and we saw him afterward shaking hands with old friends. We even heard him joking about the curves she couldn't pitch any more because of that "bum wing" he'd brought back.

Lucky, lucky Johnny! His folks were too busy to read too many magazine articles about how to treat a returned service man. So they just treat him as they always did. And he has found what he hoped across a ravaged world that he would find.

Major Gen. William R. Arnold, recent Chief of Chaplains, US Army, has said; "Let's not underestimate the courage and common sense of returned service men. Be natural, friendly and normally glad to see them. Welcome them home. Encourage them to talk about their experiences. Genuine respect and affection will do more than all the studied efforts to heal the hurts of the human spirit."

The Chief of Chaplains was led to give that advice out of the fact that thousands of homes have been disturbed by other types of advice which have been offered them in countless magazine articles. They are told they must not talk about the horrors of war!

When a normal interest is not shown in the terrible experiences just endured by a returned vet-

eran, he is likely to misinterpret this studied treatment as out and out indifference. He will resent the cold shutting out of blood and noise and fear and distance. He will not feel close to those who will not let him close to them, by eliminating the time and the events which have separated them, by bringing them into words.

In regard to this wholesale peddling of advice on the treatment of returning men, we'd like to quote from a letter sent by a wounded Marine officer from the South Pacific. As you read it keep in mind the fact that it just *happened* to be written. Keep in mind the fact that all men are not as articulate as this one who wrote the letter but that there are possibly a good many others possessed of similar "courage and common sense."

"Folks, prepare yourselves for a shock. I am going to give you the word and I know it will be most distressing to you. Remember, things often sound worse than they are. Remember too that I am a man, a Catholic who believes in his God, and a marine officer who can take it on the chin and smile.

"I don't choose to hold out on you. My left leg was badly shattered. It was beyond repair. My heel bone for instance was demolished completely.

"Every human and medical effort was made to save my leg. The doctors did all they could. Then to complicate things gas gangrene set in despite all their care and preventive work. The leg had to be amputated.

"I have suffered no pain as a result of my operation... only a tingling sensation. My spirits are high perhaps because of these "new fangled" artificial legs which leave a man to walk as sprightly as he did before..."

There is more to the letter but that is enough. That is more than enough to make us realize how grossly unfair, how miserably unkind it would be to so underestimate the courage of a man who could write such a letter as to fail to actually face the situation he has taken in his stride. (And we do mean "stride" with one leg or two!)

The American public should be warned to be wary of a great deal of the fiction-coated advice being peddled on the news stands. The public should remember that artificial birth control, divorce, infidelity, suicide and many other national disgraces were first offered the public via fiction.

Now the same type of pseudo-psychology which made so many young girls "khaki whacky" to the extent of delinquency, is luring them into mock sympathy with the returning men they must seek to "understand" at all costs. (And the cost of soul is under that ceiling!)

In a recent issue of "*Colliers*" there is a story by Betty Smith, the author of "*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*." This tale has to do with a returning naval officer who is in a rude and morose mood enroute home because he has had a letter from his wife saying so sorry please, but she doesn't love him any more. Naturally he doubts his welcome. (Quick on the uptake. Get the idea?)

"Francie Nolan" of "*The Tree*" is opportunely a fellow passenger. We who followed her past in "*The Tree*" know she is well equipped to be "understanding." So when her Pullman berth curtain is pulled aside and the officer is kneeling beside her berth she at once reacts calmly and senses that he is "grateful" that she does not blanch and pull her covers to her chin. At this point we give it back to Betty...

"She saw that a change had come over him. The skin of his face had tightened until the cheek bones stood out. The pupils of his eyes had vanished to pin-points, and the light blue of their color seemed inhuman in the bleak light from the small bulb near her pillows.

"He looked at her and she knew that any disappointment he might have felt concerning her in the beginning was forgotten now.

"I think you are a person who can understand things," he said, as he knelt here. "And I'm going to ask you to do something for me." He waited.

She said, "Of course."

He must have remembered her name from seeing it on her suitcase. Not taking his eyes away from her face he said, "Francis, I'd like you to put your arms around me in a slow kind of way. Then I'd like you to say, 'I'm glad you're home.' Then wait a bit and say, 'I love you.' Then wait a little longer and say, 'Bill.'"

Now really!

If this were just a single story in a single issue of a magazine we'd be inclined to toss it in the waste paper basket and hope that would be that. But alas! This story is one of a trend.

Johnny Nextdoor would be somewhat bewildered to know that the writer of one of America's best sellers had him in mind when she wrote that passage. Do you know any lad next door to you she might have had in mind?

Our men are coming home by the thousands. They will soon be homing by the millions. Let's be where they left us when they went away.

Adjustments will have to be made. Old ties will have to be picked up carefully. But let us put the emphasis on the "courage and common sense" and let's omit all this spookiness.



By July it was even too difficult for me to walk to my invalid chair under the chestnut trees in the garden.

LITTLE QUEEN

Written

by

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated

by

Elaine Davis

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

WHEN my three sisters and my cousin heard the news, their hearts were heavy with a very natural grief. Why had I kept my illness a secret? Why had I not confided in them? Quickly I explained that I had not wished to cause them any anxiety, but these words did not satisfy my dear ones.

"You must go to the Infirmary at once," declared Marie. "You need all the care and comfort we can give you."

My dear god-mother meant well, but I was happy when the Prioress told me I might remain in my cell. This little room, cold and damp as it was, had been home to me ever since entering the monastery. Here I had learned to pray and suffer as a Carmelite, and here I hoped to give up my soul to God. Besides, spring was at hand, the spring of 1897, and the cold days were almost over.

Since the doctors had ordered some treatments to relieve my coughing spells, I did my best to submit to these with a good grace. But they were so painful! And the medicines prescribed so unpleasant!

"It's a waste of time and money," I told myself. "I know I am going to die soon."

To die! This would mean the end of all suffering, I reflected, and beginning of the only life that counts. When I was dead, my body would be car-

ried into the nuns' chapel and placed before the large iron grating which looks out upon the public church. A wreath of roses would be on my head, and the people of Lisieux would come to stare through the iron bars at Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. The Prioress would send a circular letter to all the Carmels in France, giving a brief description of my life and death. After a day or so my body would be taken away from the monastery and buried in the town cemetery. Of course my relatives and sisters in religion would remember me in prayer, but after a few months there would be few to think upon the little white flower.

"Only You will not forget me, Lord," I said. "You never forget anybody!"

One day as I was resting after a very painful treatment, I heard a kitchen Sister speaking in the corridor outside my cell. There was real pity in her voice.

"Sister Therese is going to die soon," she said, "and I've been asking myself what Mother Prioress can possibly say about her in the circular letter. I think she will be very embarrassed."

"Why?" asked another voice.

"Well, this little sister is very amiable, but surely she has done nothing much since coming here."

I smiled at the truth in these words. The kitchen

sister was so right! Never had I done anything of myself, in the world or as a nun. Always my lot had been to remain in the arms of the Heavenly Father, small and weak, relying upon His love to help me become a saint.

On my entrance into Carmel, I had never sought consolation and companionship from Marie and Pauline. The same was true when Celine and Marie Guerin joined us. But now that I knew my days were numbered, I made no effort to avoid this very natural joy. Every day my beloved ones came for a visit, and presently Pauline astonished me by appearing with pencil and paper. It seemed she wished to record a few of my sayings which she thought would be helpful to the Sisters.

At first I was disturbed at this. Who was I to give advice to others? Yet since Pauline had her heart set on this favor, I finally agreed. A few weeks later she informed me that if I felt strong enough, it might be well to add some extra chapters to my book, *The Story of Springtime of a Little White Flower*.

"Mother Prioress has given you permission for such work," she told me. "My dear, I do hope you can do it."

By now it was the month of June, and sunshine flooded every corner of the monastery. I felt a little better, and promised to do my best.

"But what shall I write about?" I asked. "Surely I have told everything about my childhood."

"Write about the novices, or about charity," suggested Pauline.

Charity! This was a theme which had always been very dear to me. Years ago I had memorized that wonderful letter written by Saint Paul to his friends in Corinth, and now the words returned in all their original strength:

"If I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy and should know all the mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity is patient, is kind, charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never falleth away..."

"I will do my best to write on charity," I thought. "Dear Lord, please help me!"

In the days that followed, I wrote about fifty

pages on the greatest of all virtues, and tried to describe my own poor efforts to acquire this beautiful jewel. Frequently, however, I had to interrupt my writing to smile. My methods of practicing charity were unusual! For instance, whenever I found it difficult to be kind to some Sister, to refrain from showing impatience because her ways irritated me, *I ran away as quickly as I could!* Then there was the case of a companion who annoyed me by rattling her beads when we were at meditation. The sound was so irritating that many times I felt like turning around and giving her a sharp look. But for the sake of charity I adopted another method. Instead of trying to escape the unwelcome noise, I set myself to listen to it as though it were the sweetest music. As a result, my meditation was not a period of peace and quiet but time spent in offering "music" to Our Lord.

Another amusing chance to practise charity was sometimes provided in the laundry. One day as I was scrubbing clothes, I found I was being splashed with dirty water by another Sister working nearby. My first impulse was to pause, and deliberately wipe away the water from my face. This would show the Sister in question what I thought of her carelessness. Then I decided against such an action. Instead, I set myself to welcome each drop of soapy water as though it were a real treasure, and soon a reward came my way. My heart was rapidly filled with the peace that always springs from genuine kindness.

The first chapter of *The Story of the Springtime of a Little White Flower* had been dedicated to Pauline, Sister Agnes of Jesus. Later, Marie had asked for further explanations of the Little Way and I had written a chapter for her, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. Now I decided to dedicate the new chapter on charity to our Prioress, Mother Mary Gonzaga. Despite her severe treatment of me when I first came to the monastery, I had always loved her deeply and one day I found myself writing these lines:

"When I was a postulant there were times when I was so violently tempted to seek my own satisfaction, some crumbs of pleasure, by having a word with you, that I was obliged to hurry past your cell and cling to the banisters to keep myself from turning back. Many were the permissions I wanted to ask and pretexts for yielding to my natural affection suggested themselves by the hundreds..."

Yes, life in Carmel had not been easy for a fifteen-year-old girl,—especially one with a sensitive heart and a real capacity for love. How well I recalled those days when I would cling to the banisters to keep myself from running to the Prioress

for advice and consolation! And how hard it had been not to talk at will with Marie and Pauline! At the time I had told myself that they were my sisters, and that I was entitled to some special place in their affections. It was my *right*, and I was doing something really noble in not attempting to enjoy it. How pleased God must be with me!

Alas! Such feelings were mine because I was making the mistake that most people make. I thought I had rights to this or that privilege, when actually I had no rights at all. I had forgotten, perhaps, for just a little while, that I was only a poor creature who owed her very existence to God's love.

"I hope I'm wiser now," I told myself. And then I reflected upon a favorite theme: people cannot be free or happy until they have renounced all claims to freedom and happiness. Only when they have seen themselves as little children, depending on God's mercy for the very air they breathe, can they find peace.

As the month of June came to an end, I found myself growing very weak. No longer had I the strength to dip my pen into the ink, and so I used a pencil for my writing. But finally even this effort proved too much. I could work no more on the story of my life. By July it was even too difficult for me to walk to my invalid chair under the chestnut trees in the garden.

"Now it is time for you to go to the Infirmary," said Pauline.

I was silent. What good was rest to me now, or other bodily comforts? On July 8, as I said goodbye to my poor little cell, my heart filled with a sudden emotion.

"When I am in Heaven, you must bear in mind that a great part of my happiness was won in this little cell," I told Pauline. "I have suffered greatly here. I would have liked to die here."

Very slowly Pauline led me to the Infirmary, for by now the least effort caused me great pain. When we arrived, I saw that the statue of the Blessed Virgin which had smiled upon me over fourteen years ago had been placed beside my bed. I paused to look at it lovingly.

"What do you see?" asked Marie, her voice vibrant with hope.

"I see the statue, and never has it appeared so beautiful. But before, as you well know, it was not the statue."

My dear god-mother sighed. She had been praying so earnestly that I would see the Blessed Virgin again, that she would smile and cure me!

A week later Pauline produced her pencil and paper and sat down beside my bed. She believed

that I was now uttering statements which were in some measure inspired by the Holy Ghost, and which ought to be recorded. Certainly there was something very unusual about my words. For instance, although I knew I was going to die I still insisted that my work on earth was far from being completed. Rather, it was close at hand.

"I feel that my mission is soon to begin," I said, "my mission to make the good God loved as I love Him, to give to souls my Little Way. If the good God grants my desires, my Heaven will be spent upon earth until the end of the world. Yes, *I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth*... I shall not be able to rest until the end of the world. But when the Angel shall have said, 'Time is no more,' then I shall rest. I can then enjoy repose, for the number of the elect will be complete and all will have entered into eternal bliss."

"By what way do you wish to lead souls?"

"By the way of spiritual childhood, the way of confidence and self-surrender. I wish to show them the Little Way that has so perfectly succeeded with me..."

Dear Pauline! How carefully she wrote down my words, feeling that some day they would be useful to others! When she left my side, she would read them over and over again to make sure that nothing had been omitted. Marie and Celine were also interested in the strange remarks I made, and faithfully reported them. For instance, not so long ago Marie had told me that she felt there would be great sorrow in the Sisters' hearts when I left them for Heaven.

"Oh, no!" I had cried joyfully. "You will see. There will be as it were a shower of roses!"

A *shower of roses*! What did this mean? wondered my god-mother. And so did Pauline and Celine. But soon I was uttering an equally strange statement, and this one in the presence of several Sisters. On July 25 I was asked if I would look down on my friends from Heaven.

"No," I replied. "*I will come down!*"

While waiting for death to put an end to my suffering, I thought very often of Leonie in the Visitation monastery in Caen, and of the two missionaries who had been given to me as spiritual brothers. On July 17 I had managed to write a farewell letter to Leonie, now known in religion as Sister Frances Therese. Then I turned my attention to the two missionaries. One was already in China, risking his life every day to win souls to Christ. The other was yet at the Seminary, still a bit fearful of the work awaiting him in Africa.

(Continued on p. 158)

William Plays Cupid continued from p. 137

Sunday suit and his hair gave off a faint odor of the perfumed soap Lillybelle kept in the kitchen.

Once in the living room things progressed as usual. Uncle Weston opened the physics book and Miss Nelson seated herself for the night's lecture.

Uncle Weston managed to read a few elementary laws, but it was obvious that his mind was not on math. Restlessness seemed the order of the night. Miss Nelson knew something was brewing, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Miss Nelson was not the rare woman who can resist finding out.

"You seem upset, Weston. Been having trouble with William again?"

Uncle Weston laid down the physics book, ran a nervous finger over his collar, and wondered why things didn't have a safe and sure formula like math. He made two false starts and then blurted it all out at once.—"You're the only woman that's ever been interested in my math. and I—Well hang

it, I want you to marry me—Mr. Abercrombie or no Mr. Abercrombie."

Miss Nelson wondered what Mr. Abercrombie had to do with it, but she gave Uncle Weston a biological answer. For a mathematician Uncle Weston handled himself nicely. —This definitely unscholarly kiss might have lasted much longer if Earl had been able to giggle more softly.

William did what he could to save the situation. "We found a frog on the way home from Moore's and hoped Miss Nelson would help us cut it up."

Uncle Weston was speechless, but Miss Nelson managed to answer her about to be acquired nephew. "William," she said, "as a wife of a famous mathematician I have a certain position to maintain. You're already an excellent frog disector, but I can't have my nephew making *F* in arithmetic. You and Earl come on in and learn some basic rules.

They went, but William wished Grandfather Griggs was there. Grandfather Griggs hated arithmetic too.

Little Queen continued from p. 157

and also very distressed at the news that my death was expected at any moment.

I tried to comfort this young student with these lines:

"When my brother sets out for Africa, I shall follow him not only in thought and in prayer. I shall be always with him, and his faith will know well how to discern the presence of a little sister that Jesus has given him to be his helper not only during two short years, but till the end of his life..."

One day Pauline came to me with a request. By now she had read the various chapters of my book, and had enjoyed them very much. But there was one place where she felt some changes could be made. Did I feel strong enough to read over what I had written, then make these changes? Quickly I assured my Little Mother that I would be glad to

do what I could, and presently the manuscript was brought to me.

It was not hard to make the changes, but when Pauline returned to the Infirmary my eyes were wet with tears.

"You've been crying," she said reproachfully. "The work was too much for you."

I shook my head. There are tears of pain, but there are also tears of joy, and mine were certainly tears of joy. Suddenly I had realized that God intended that the little manuscript before me should do a great deal of good. Countless thousands would read it, and begin to follow my Little Way.

For a long moment I looked at Pauline. Then I gave a deep sigh. "I know it!" I whispered happily. "Some day everyone is going to love me!"

(Concluded in the next issue)

PAMPHLETS

MY REQUIEM MISSAL AND MASS CARD

Father Stedman

Another unique idea—a miniature edition of the Requiem Masses in English together with a Mass card on the cover and prayers to be said at the casket of a deceased person, and other indulgenced prayers. Price 25¢. (Order from Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn 19, N. Y.)

THE BLIND MAN WITH PERFECT VISION

Albert H. Dolan, O.Carm.

A plan for peace, Christian peace, based on the life and spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. Man need only get back to seeing God in all things to give up his greed for wealth and power, which is at the bottom of practically all strife. Price 10¢. (Special deluxe edition 50¢. Order from Carmelite Press, 55 Demarest

Ave., Englewood, N.J., or 6413 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill.)

GOOD SAMARITAN ALMANAC 1945

A calendar of feasts with a meditation for each month. Devotional and edifying articles. Directed to the sick and convalescent. Price 25¢ (Order from The Apostolate of Suffering, 1551 North 34th Street, Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin.)

OUR READING ROOM

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh Francis Blunt.

Bruce Publishing Co. (\$1.75)

THERE really is a need for this volume. For while we all learn the titles of the several works of mercy, they seem to be lost in antiquity as well as in utility. Monsignor Blunt gives a modern appropriation of these perennial useful and Christian virtues. He also gives an excellent history from Scripture and the writings of the early Fathers of the Church.

The title of the book is, of course, taken from the memorable play of Shakespeare, "Merchant of Venice." And the imperishable lines of Portia pleading so masterfully for the life of her beloved: "The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle rain of heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed."

THE BOND OF PEACE

By Michael Kent

Bruce Publishing Co. (\$2.00)

THIS BOOK is, of course, opportune since the world so desperately is seeking peace. He gives the only answer; the only foundation on which peace can be built, Christian Charity. He tackles ably the problems of the world, Protestantism, etc. And competently traces the power and work of the Church through history.

The author writes of a period lasting for a thousand years when there was no international war as such; the Church was then at the height of her international influence. He admits wars, of course, e.g., between cities. (I mention this point with reluctance, not wishing anything controversial, but offering it as a clarification.) Adler, in his "How to Think About War And Peace," speaks of government in this period as being practically localized to city or small areas; nationalism not manifesting itself.

The last chapter, the "Recapitulation-Reunion Through Love," is really

ly splendid; and should be read meditatively and piously.

By way of identification, this Michael Kent is the same author who wrote "The Mass of Brother Michel."

THE SPACE OF LIFE BETWEEN

By Bede Jarrett, O.P.

Sheed and Ward (\$1.50)

THIS IS a splendid little book, in binding and printing and appearance. Just 194 pages. The chapters are short; the style is simple; all in all delightful.

The title is taken from Keats, in his preface to "Endymion," so the author informs us in an introductory note: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment..." If you don't mind, I should like to identify "Endymion" for you with the line "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The author gives us a prefatory letter addressed to "Dear Christopher." Really, it's touching. That is the air of the whole book. It is written with love and understanding and sympathy. While the book is intended for the adolescent, the adult can enjoy it too. Frankly, I think you'd like to page through it before you give it to your son or nephew for his birthday. The book deserves a wide and generous appreciation and sale.

JOHN SMITH—EMPEROR

By S. G. Gallego

The Guild Press (\$1.00)

THIS BOOK belongs in the realm of the phantasmagorical. It is well worked out and pleasantly written. It has a message. It might even prove a relief from some of the statistical peace proposals one reads daily in the papers.

John Smith solves all the material problems of the world. The mechanical inventions are not beyond the realm of credibility, though at the moment they seem fantastic. John then appeals to the Pope to estab-

lish Christianity universally. On the last page John is crowned Emperor by his Holiness, "And all men saw that above the crown there was a Cross."

Did you ever read James Thurber's *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*? I'm of the opinion Freud would characterize this book as a case of latent megalomania. (No doubt unjustly.) Or a projection of personality.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

By Henri Lasserre

Catechetical Guild (50¢)

THE BOOK opens with a letter of felicitation from His Holiness Pius IX, and a preface by the author in which he tells us that as a result of a favor he received at Lourdes he promised to write this book. The book contains the documented history of Lourdes. The book is well done and deserves a wide audience. It should serve as incontrovertible evidence to skeptics. It should, of course, be read with some piety and reverence as devotion to our Blessed Mother prompts us.

SUICIDE BENT—SANGERIZING MANKIND

By David Goldstein, L.L.D.

Radio Replies Press (\$2.00)

THE OLD saw, you know, goes that Calvin Coolidge came home from Church one Sunday morning and upon being asked what the preacher talked about, said: "Sin." Further questioned what he said about sin, silent Cal replied: "He was against it."

So it is with the subject matter of this book—birth control, or more precisely, birth prevention; everybody's against it. Yet this evil seems to flourish. It's a sordid and ugly topic. Having gone through this book one feels like washing his hands; giving himself a mental ablution; and an eye bath. Mr. Goldstein's book is a splendid compilation of all the reasons why birth control should not be practiced from the religious to the economic. He quotes innumerable

and weighty authorities from Pius XI on "Christian Marriage" to present day statesmen and medical men.

It is a well bound, printed, and authoritative book. There is a place for it in one's library. It is beyond doubt a valuable contribution for convenience, to the literature on this moral topic.

POPE PIUS XII PRIEST AND STATESMAN

By Kees Van Hoek

With a preface by the Bishop of Galway.

Philosophical Library (\$2.00)

THIS biography of Pius XII is of no special importance, containing nothing new about Pius XII to the average well informed reader.

It commands our respect because of our veneration for our Holy Father, Pius XII. It has a preface by the Bishop of Galway. And thirdly, it quotes Macaulay, who did write masterful prose: "She (the Church) shall still exist when some traveller from New Zealand may, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on the broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul."

CHARLES PEGUY—MEN AND SAINTS—French-English edition Translated by Anne and Julian Green

Pantheon Books, Inc. (\$2.75)

THIS volume one should hug to his bosom. He should place it on the table by the side of his bed, reading in those odd moments of insomnia—or reading in that most comfortable position, propped up in bed. It is a book to be cherished and read and read again for the sheer beauty of its prose. You've heard of singing prose—well, this is it.

In a book of this kind, one would love to quote it page after page. Well, obviously one can't. But I should like to call your attention, especially to the chapters on Paris, Joan of Arc, and his poem, Night.

Now, personally, I have always loved the night. Don't be alarmed; this is not going to be a soliloquy. But the gorgeousness of the night when the sky is dotted with stars! A calm night when the moon tones the earth with its soft light! The glory when the night is stormy and

the clouds are hustling past the moon! The night, blanketing the earth, covers all that is sordid and ugly in the world! The night of which Shakespeare wrote so touchingly in *Romeo and Juliet*! The Night, of which Holy Saturday ceremonies are redolent! All this and more are contained in Peguy's poem, Night. You'll love it.

SONNETS AND VERSE

By Hilaire Belloc

Sheed and Ward (\$2.00)

IT IS with great pride and happiness that I present this title to you—because, you see, I love Belloc. I'm convinced that he is about the greatest living man of letters, at least in English. And I also love you, gentle reader, and want to share this treasure with you. Belloc is not only a great prose writer, but also a great poet. This volume is a fine and varied collection of Belloc's poems.

I should like to call your attention especially to "The Banad of Val-Es-Dumes," "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine," and God bless him for his "Epigrams." Of the last I should like to single out one: *On Mundane Acquaintances*: "Good morning, Algernon: Good morning, Percy. Good morning, Mrs. Roebeck. Christ have mercy!" He uses the name of Mrs. Roebeck in another poem and one concludes that Mrs. Roebeck is one of these ubiquitous bores who attends all the luncheons, teas, matinees, etc. Yet, she's one of these devout Christian souls who deserves your sympathy if not your affection. Of course, you raise your hat respectfully, smile, and murmur—Mrs. Roebeck. I'm sure Belloc was not guilty of profanity when he wrote this charming pair of lines; it surely would be called a pious expletive. So now one can quote Belloc as he says his ambulant morning prayers strolling down the avenue, raising his hat, "Good morning, Mrs. Roebeck—Christ have mercy."

THE SOUL AFIRE—REVELATIONS OF THE MYSTICS

By H. A. Reinhold.

Pantheon Books, Inc. (\$3.50)

THIS volume deserves to be termed a compendious tome. This is not to frighten one, but out of respect for the profound subject matter. It's

a large book; strongly bound; well printed; 400 pages. It's deservedly impressive.

The book is divided into five parts: 1) Thou Hast Made Us for Thee; 2) All Things Are But Loss; 3) Apprehended by Jesus; 4) The Cloud of Unknowing; 5) Into Paradise. It is a compendium of selections from the Bible and Spiritual Writers, from such dear friends as Thomas A' Kempis to acquaintances like Pascal. It contains all those beautiful spiritual things you've read some place and should like to read again—well here's your chance. It's another book to be placed on your bed-side table. Because, you'll read this, not only for spiritual refreshment or spiritual reading but to requite a pensive mood. "For oft when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood; they flash upon that inward eye, Which is the bliss of solitude." This book is also a veritable mine of spiritual material and quotation.

The writer knows of no similar book in publication. This book will fill a long felt need. It deserves a wide circulation and a large audience. It is of especial value for priests, seminarians, and any reasonably pious (or perhaps impious) adult. Father Reinhold is to be thanked and congratulated for this book. While the author says the book is no direct guide in the spiritual life, it surely will aid one in attaining to that holiness to which all good Christian souls should aspire. This is a book which one will scarcely read through. One would read it rather according to the moment of handling it. But possession will be a joy and a consolation. It will be read again and again—for its contents; and for the sheer joy and beauty of reading it.

And finally this publication is refreshing for another reason. We're living in an age of compendiums, condensations, and readers (collections of writings of various authors). It seems appropriate that the same salutary principle should be applied to things of a spiritual nature. For just as one finds new treasures in collections of profane writers such is also the case in the present volume, "The Soul Afire."

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed find \$2.00 for Masses to be offered for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for favors rendered. Please publish this in "The Grail." W. M. (Ind.)

Please find enclosed an offering for which I wish to have a Mass offered in honor of Our Lady and for the glorification of Mary Rose Ferron and Brother Meinrad. I prayed that we would have a happy Season and it was much happier than I had expected. I am asking help if it be God's Holy Will that my husband and I be restored to good health as we are both very nervous.

Mrs. R. Y. (Wis.)

A day before Christmas my husband lost his billfold with a large amount of money in it. He prayed to Brother Meinrad to help us and the very same day the finder of the money returned the billfold.

B. S. (Illinois)

Enclosed is one dollar that I promised for a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Brother Meinrad. I put this with Brother's picture and asked him to help me get a reservation on the train for home today. I have been trying for more than a week and a few minutes ago I was successful, and will lose no time to thank Brother Meinrad. I also promise to spread devotion to him.

Mrs. H. L. W. (Colo.)

Please find enclosed a little offering to have a Mass offered in honor of Brother Meinrad for obtaining rain for us late in summer last year when everything seemed to be entirely ruined. After the rain our tobacco made good and also others that seemed to be gone. Please publish this so that others will call on Brother Meinrad for help.

Mrs. R. H. (Ky.)

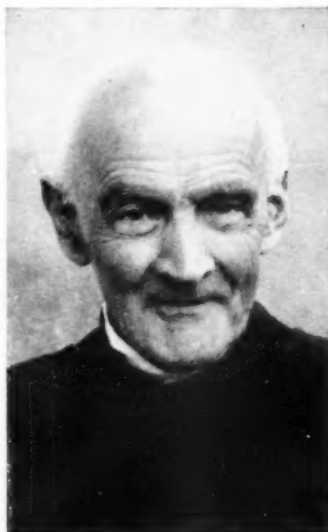
Thanks to Brother Meinrad I received my favor yesterday after praying for it for some time. I enclose the offering I promised.

M. S. (Indiana)

I want to acknowledge two favors obtained through the intercession of Little Rose Ferron. D.M., (Ky.)

I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a favor received. Please publish.

E. E. H. (Indiana)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

I am enclosing one dollar for a Mass in honor of Brother Meinrad for favors received. Please publish it. N. N. (Indiana)

I promised to send in a small offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for a very special favor. I also have received many favors through his intercession. M. D. (Indiana)

Enclosed find an offering for one Mass in thanksgiving for numerous favors received through Brother Meinrad's intercession. I promised publication. G. E. (West Virginia)

Enclosed please find a small Mass offering in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for the favor of recovery from illness for a dear member of the family. S. M. H. (Missouri)

I happened to read of Brother Meinrad quite by accident but I prayed to him and asked him for his intercession. This was a year ago and the favor I requested was granted. This letter is in fulfillment for the promise I made that I would publish the favor. E. L. S. (New York)

I promised an offering and a publication in thanksgiving in honor of Brother Meinrad if he would help us. Our little girl was taken seriously ill. The doctor said that she would have to be taken to the hospital. My husband and I prayed to Brother Meinrad. When the doctor returned she was better and is now normal. All in three days. (If you send us your address we will forward the stamps and prayers for which you asked in your letter.) E. W. (Ind.)

Enclosed is an offering for a Mass in honor of Brother Meinrad for many favors received. I promised publication. Mrs. W. J. (Ind.)

In thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favors received: E.D. Ind.; M.C.K., Ind.; R.A.J., Ind.; R.P. Ind.; Mrs. F.B., Ky.; J.S., Ohio; A.M.T., Mass.; S.C., Calif.; V.J., Ind.; C.S., Mich.; Mrs. J.J.C., New Jersey; R.D., Iowa; R.B., Ky.; C. B.M., Fla.; Mrs. C.A.G. Ind.; Mrs. J.L., La.; Mrs. O.L., Ind.; L.S., Wisc.; J.K., N.Y.; Mrs. W.C.M., Wisc.; Mrs. J.H.C., Ky.; C&P.F., Ky.; Mrs. G.C., Pa.; Mrs. G.W., Wisc.; Mrs. J.H., Jr., Ind.; J.T.K., Mo.; Mrs. F.S., Ind.; Mrs. J.H.C., Okla.; Mrs. A.L., Conn.



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Why don't you

Get acquainted on earth with your brothers and sisters
In heaven — the SAINTS!



Listen to Blessed Imelda:

"In the mute Bleeding Heart in your garden
You must see me, Imelda, instead;
For, one day when the Host was seen hovering
As a dove, poised in flight, over my head,—
The pure rapture that Jesus was in me
Broke my heart—'Jesus . . . mine!' . . . I was dead."

LITTLE SISTER, Blessed Imelda, Patroness of First Communicants, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt, can be ordered for \$1.25 from the GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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